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The State of the Nation.

THE most extraordinary spectacle of prosperity exhibited in the annals of any nation of modern or ancient times is furnished in the late annual message of President Lincoln to Congress, and the accompanying reports from the Executive Departments of the Government. There is something almost marvellous in the positive proofs thus furnished that the great loyal section of the Union, in the fourth year of this stupendous civil war, is vastly more

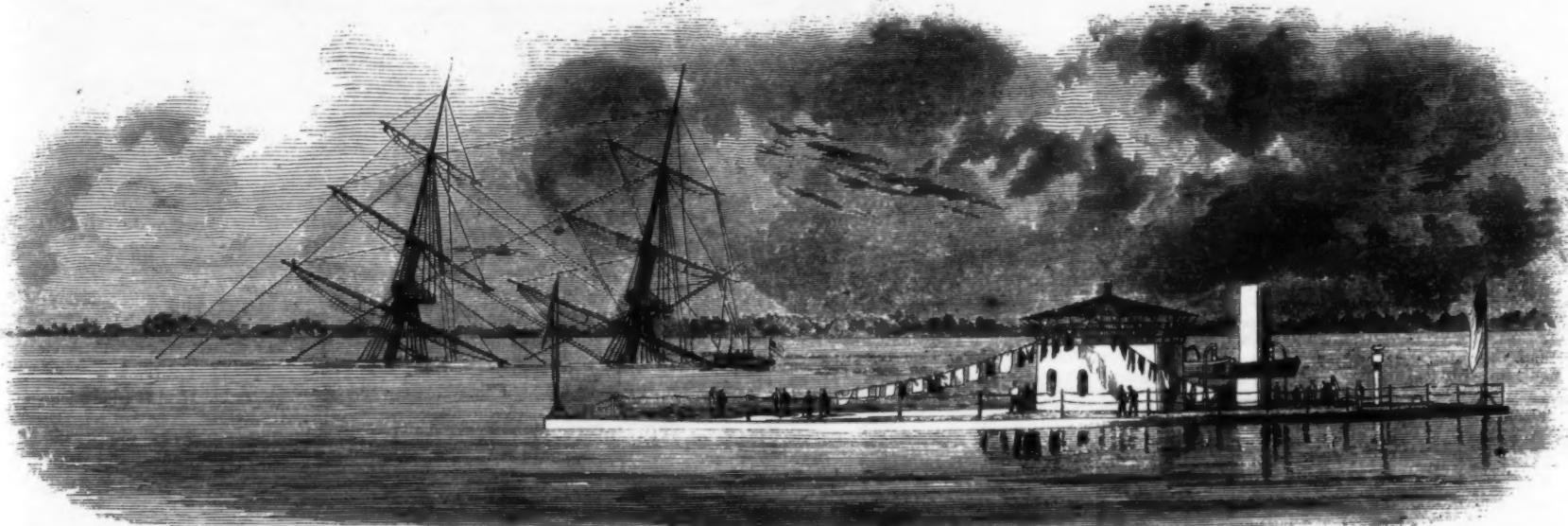
powerful in men, materials, resources, all the elements of strength, wealth and prosperity, than at the beginning of the struggle. In regard to men, notwithstanding the enormous drainages of the war, the returns of the late national election indicate, in the loyal States and Territories, an aggregate increase of over three hundred thousand above the age of twenty-one years, or a general increase of population exceeding three millions since 1860.

Mr. Lincoln may well declare, with something of exultation, in view of this increased

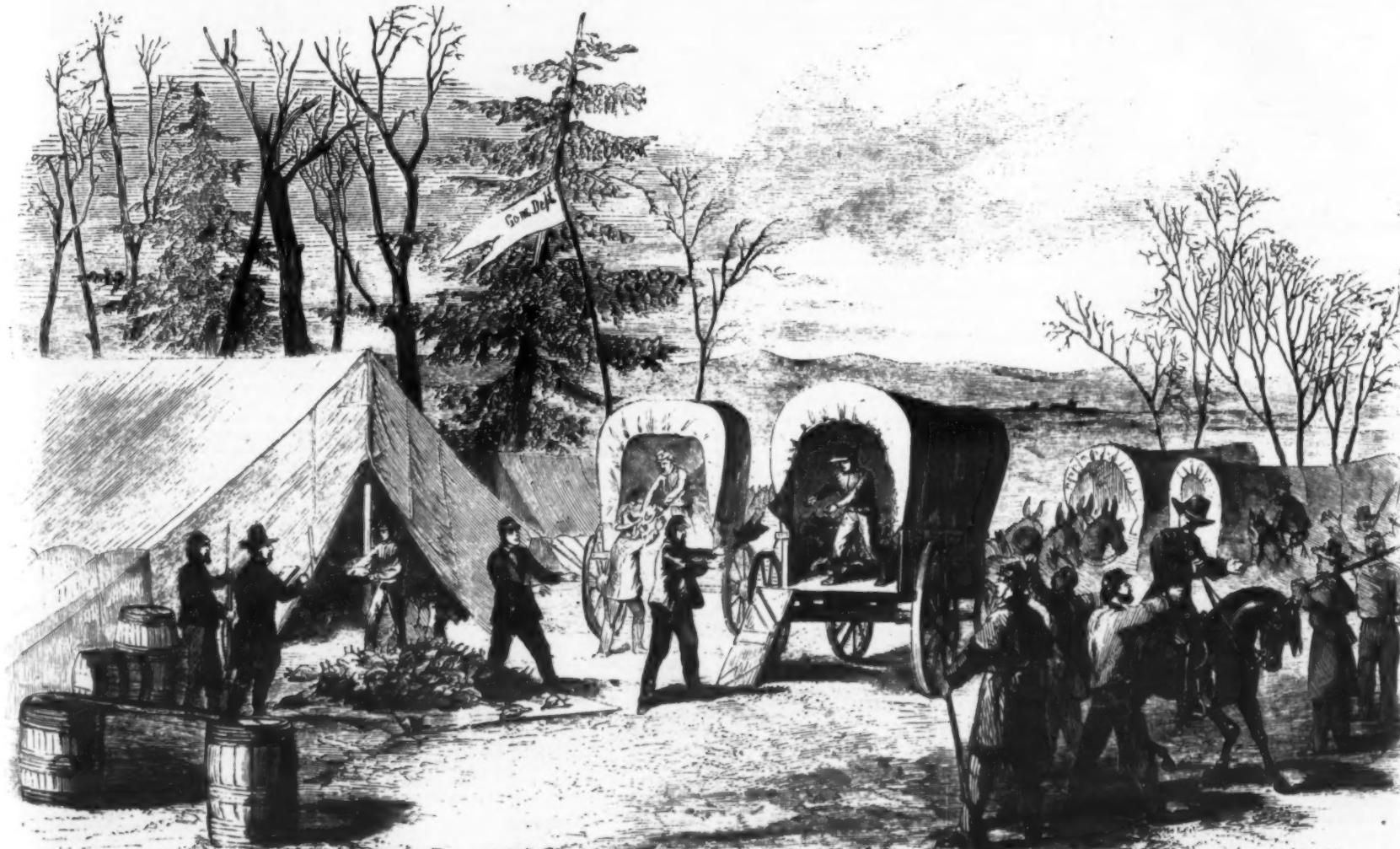
strength in men, that "we are not exhausted, nor in process of exhaustion," but that, still gaining strength, as we are, "we may, if need be, continue the contest indefinitely." But there is another element essential to the prosecution of the war and the maintenance of the Government, which cannot be overlooked—the important element of money. How stands the national Treasury upon this question? We are gratified to say, from the exhibits of the department, that while the national debt and our annual expenditures are

much less than has been generally supposed, the receipts of the Treasury for the last year have been much larger. Mr. Lincoln sums up the year's operations as follows:

Although sufficient time has not yet elapsed to experience the full effect of several of the provisions of the acts of Congress imposing increased taxation, the receipts during the year from all sources, upon the basis of warrants signed by the Secretary of the Treasury, including loans and the balance in the Treasury, on the 1st day of July, 1864, were \$1,394,796,007 62, and the aggregate disbursements, upon the same basis, were \$1,299,066,101 89; leaving a balance in the Treasury, as shown by warrants, of \$96,738,905 73. Deduct from these amounts the amount of the principal of the



THE SINKING OF THE REBEL WAR STEAMER FLORIDA, NEAR FORTRESS MONROE, NOV. 28.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH DECKER.



ARMY OF THE SHENANDOAH—RECEPTION OF THE PEOPLE'S THANKSGIVING GIFT TO THE SOLDIERS—TURKEYS AND OTHER VIANDS IN CAMP.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. R. TAYLOR.

public debt redeemed, and the amount of issues in substitution therefor, and the actual cash operations of the Treasury were: Receipts, \$894,076,646 77; disbursements, \$865,234,067 86; which leaves a cash balance in the Treasury of \$18,842,558 71. Of receipts, there were derived from customs \$102,316,152 99; from lands, \$388,333 29; from direct taxes, \$475,646 96; from internal revenue, \$109,741,134 10; from miscellaneous sources, \$47,511,448 10; and from loans, applied to actual expenditures, including former balance, \$623,443,929 13. There were disbursed for the civil service \$27,505,599 46; for pensions and Indians, \$7,517,930 97; for the War Department, \$690,791,842 97; for the Navy Department, \$95,739,292 79; for interest of the public debt, \$53,685,421 69—making an aggregate of \$865,234,067 86; and leaving a balance in the Treasury of \$18,842,558 71, as before stated.

The most gratifying feature in these figures is the substantial cash receipts of the Treasury, approaching in the aggregate, for the fiscal year, the magnificent sum of three hundred millions of dollars. At this rate, let us assume that before the expiration of another year peace and the Union will be restored; we may further assume that the Government expenditures will for the next year be reduced to less than our present actual cash receipts; and that, with the restoration of the rebellious section of the Union, and the application of taxes of some sort to the mining districts of our new States and Territories, and from the new impulse that will be given to all branches of business throughout the country, the receipts of the Treasury will, in the next ensuing year, afford a surplus of at least one hundred millions of dollars towards the payment of the principal of the national debt. Each succeeding year, with the continued development of the resources of the whole country, we shall have an increase of receipts of many millions more for the same purpose. All these cheering speculations, however, rest upon the presumption that within the year before us there will be peace and reunion, and an uninterrupted reign of peace and prosperity succeeding for years to come, and that our present taxations are to stand. It is manifest, however, that, with the restoration of peace, our national debt will become a burden so comparatively easy to bear, that our present taxations may be materially diminished, instead of being increased or continued; and that "greenbacks" will be equal to gold, and that Government securities will become the favorite investments of all classes over everything else in the market.

We hold, too, from the prosperous state of the nation as exhibited in the Message and Reports of the Executive Departments, from the progress of the war, and the contraction, exhaustion and demoralization of the Davis Confederacy, that the year 1865 will be the year of jubilee in honor of a glorious peace.

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Sherman—The Military Situation.

In a little familiar speech, made by Mr. Lincoln some days ago at the White House, he drily remarked, "We know where Sherman went in at, but we don't know where he will come out." We are gratified that now all doubts and misgivings regarding the success of his expedition are dispelled, and that he is "coming out" all right. The gold bulls of Wall street have been fairly flanked by Sherman. We conjecture, too, that they have made better "schrecken" on the rebel Hood's wildgoose chase into Tennessee than will be realised again. Contemplated from any point of view, the situation of Hood must be to him exceedingly uncomfortable, and suggestive of very short rations, very serious difficulties, and ugly rocks and breakers ahead.

The campaign nearer Richmond, however, appears to be taking a shape indicative of the greatest results. The movement of the expeditionary column under Gen. Warren down the Weldon railroad for the North Carolina border, may simply have for its object the widening of the gap between Lee's army and his Southern lines of communication; but Grant may have had, also, the purpose in view of cutting off reinforcements from Lee destined for Wilmington, Charleston or Savannah, and vice versa.

As the great game of the war now stands, there must be some tremendous battles and decisive results in Virginia, North and South Carolina,

and Georgia, and in Tennessee, before any one of our three principal armies goes into winter quarters. We have an idea that the spring will dawn upon the country with the armies of the rebellion broken up, its now remaining strongholds captured, and upon Jeff Davis as a fugitive for parts unknown. So manifest are the advantages now possessed by Gen. Grant at each of the three salient points of Richmond, Nashville and Savannah, and so urgent are the exigencies of the enemy, that we guess the rains and miry roads of a Southern winter will not this time be equal to the suspension of active military operations.

We may, perhaps, be mistaken, but from all present appearances at the front, in Virginia, Georgia and Tennessee, we anticipate that this winter will be marked by a vigorous and decisive campaign.

A Richmond Rebel on Phosphorus.

THE Richmond Examiner turns the cold shoulder on its unfortunate rebel confederates concerned in the late attempt to make a huge bonfire of New York city. Had the incendiaries succeeded in laying the city in ashes, they would, we doubt not, have been amply rewarded by Davis and his associate ruling conspirators at Richmond; but as the enterprise has failed, the wretched vagabonds involved in it are disowned by their masters.

Says the Examiner, "they must be a very paltry set of poor devils, who have abandoned their own country to avoid military duty, or to spend our money, which they have stolen in the Confederate service, or to invest in Northern stocks and greenbacks the profits of their blockade-running ventures. Whether any of these be the sneaking felons who tried to set fire to the hotels, we care not."

Next, after denying that there was a rebel plot at the bottom of this hotel-burning business, this Richmond rebel philosopher says:

"Let Gen. Dix be strict in registering and keeping under surveillance all the skulking Southerners he finds loafing in New York. It will be well to know who they are." Nor is any mercy shown to those noisy and consequential rebel

adventurers who have found their way to London and Paris. They, too, are denounced as

skulkers, "who have crept out of the country by various underhand and underground ways, simply to avoid the service they owe that country. They are simply deserters, and the death of a deserter would be too good for them."

In addition to these denunciations, these deserting vagabonds are threatened with all the terrors of alienation and confiscation; but we dare say that the most of these pretentious, and yet sneaking, noisy, yet "skulking loafers," will deliberately prefer all these penalties threatened to the blessings of their "Confederacy," as conscripts of Davis. But, if from Richmond they are to get "more kicks than coppers" for their efforts to serve him as volunteer incendiaries among "the Yankees," they may probably be induced to give up the phosphorus business in disgust, and become reasonably honest to escape starvation. At all events, honest men may smile when baffled felons and traitors turn against each other.

Summary of the War.

VIRGINIA.

On the 7th of Dec. a reconnaissance was made across the Nottaway river, and the position of the enemy was felt. The intention was to ascertain if any large body of troops had been sent to oppose Sherman. The conclusion our officers arrived at was that no material force had been taken from Gen. Lee's army.

On the 9th of Dec. another reconnaissance was made. The expeditionary force was composed of three brigades of infantry and detachments from several regiments of cavalry, all under Gen. Miles, and travelled over the same route as that taken by the reconnoitering cavalry on the previous day, going along the Vaughn road to Hatcher's run, where, after some skirmishing, it drove the rebels from their intrenchments on the west side of that stream and took possession of them. The rebels subsequently made demonstrations indicating an intention to endeavor to retake the works, but finally fell back about a mile and a half to another position, and the Union soldiers retained their prize. Gen. Miles' loss in the skirmishing was only 17 wounded men. And the same day our troops landed opposite the Dutch Gap, and drove away the sharpshooters who had been annoying our workmen on the canal, establishing some rifle pits to protect them till their work was finished.

GEORGIA.

It is announced from rebel sources, that Gen. Sherman was within 25 miles of Savannah on the 7th inst. There had been some skirmishing on his recent march, but no important engagement. It was thought, however, that a battle would be fought before Savannah. By this time, probably, that city has been invested, if not captured. The National army, under Gen. Foster, had destroyed the Pocotaligo bridge and maintained their position.

TENNESSEE.

The situation remains unchanged. Gen. Thomas has concentrated our army within the defences of Nashville, around which Gen. Hood has drawn the rebel army. The general opinion is that Thomas purposefully retreated to Nashville, draw-

ing the rebel army after him, in order to prevent Hood from following in Sherman's rear.

MISSOURI.

The accounts are very satisfactory from this quarter. With the exception of a few guerrillas, there is no rebel force in the State. Gen. Dodge has superseded Gen. Rosecrans in the command of the West.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

From rebel sources we learn that a battle had been fought on the 30th of Nov., near Grahamville, on the line between Charleston and Savannah, between a Union force under command of Gen. Hatch, although Major-Gen. Foster accompanied the expedition. Our troops ascended Broad river on the 29th of Nov., and arrived at Boyd's neck at daylight next morning, about eight miles from Honeyhill, where the battle was fought. When our troops reached Honeyhill they found the enemy occupying a strong position, which they assailed with great gallantry, but after seven hours hard fighting, were compelled to fall back about three miles, where they took up a strong position, awaiting reinforcements, which arrived during the night. The rebels were commanded by Gustavus W. Smith. The Richmond papers claim a victory, and set their loss down as 200, and ours at 700, when the real state of the case is just the reverse.

CONGRESS.

THE second session of the Thirty-eighth Congress opened on Monday, the 6th of Dec., and the attendance was unusually full, all feeling the importance of the occasion.

On the following day the President transmitted to both Houses his customary annual Message. The reports of the Secretary of the Interior, the Secretary of the Navy, the Secretary of the Treasury and the Postmaster-General were also laid before Congress. There has been no business of special importance transacted as yet, the time having been chiefly occupied in preliminary measures.

TOWN COSSIP.

FIRST SNOW! Beautiful Snow! has fallen upon New York. Upon the morning of the 10th it came down, and according to the prophecy of the dame of ye ancient time, we are to have ten snows this winter, or one for every day of the month that sees the first fall. Of course the prophecy is true, for what old woman's saying is not.

When New York awoke upon that morning a general thrill of delight ran over her to see the streets and houses all dressed in their raiment of snowy white. There was an odor of Christmas about it, a dream

troism company, but in an unreal investment in an unreal company. The manner in which the thing is managed is this. A few bright fellows get together and by some means get money enough to lease some land somewhere in the oil districts. This done, they soon make wondrous discoveries—in a horn—and on the strength of them post to New York and lay the apocryphal wealth before a few respectable and responsible men, soliciting them to become directors in a company they are about to organize, offering to set aside for them a certain quantity of stock which is not to be paid for till the cows come home. This done, they then organize a company and commence selling stock. Having pretty well feathered their own nests, it is suddenly discovered that some of their wells are too deep to be understood, and a break-up is the consequence, throwing the odium of the affair on those respectable and responsible parties who have consented to become directors and leaving them to meet the humbugged shareholders.

This is the manner of doing up a company, and strange to say many of the bogus affairs get on positively better than those that have a real foundation, which fact we suppose is simply owing to business management, sharpers invariably being more active and wide-awake than honest men. There are at this moment not less than 500 petroleum companies under way and starting in this city, of which it is safe to say that not less than 80 per cent are hollow, and will go at the very first prick that shall let out the wind from their inflated interiors.

Last week we promised to say something more about the pictures of the Artists' Fund Society, and we proceed to the task, though in so doing, we cannot feel that the whole affair is calculated to add much to American art.

In the first gallery there is little to command save great names. A picture by Merle, "The Sister Nurse," No. 86, deserves notice, though the whole force is comprised in the face of the sitting child. Homer has two pictures, "The Birch Swing," and "In the Hay Field," Nos. 96 and 97, both good in drawing, but having all the appearance of having been executed in half an hour as Mr. Homer would do one of his drawings on wood for a cheap engraver. Forbes has a clever picture, No. 104, "Water from the Brook," lifelike and forcible, and giving promise for the artist's future when he shall handle better color. In the third gallery is another picture by the same artist, with the same merit and the same defect, No. 213, "A Little too Hot."

In the second gallery are some crayons deserving notice, the first of which is Darley's "Guerrilla Attack," No. 136, and a beautiful flower piece, No. 144, by Pauline Girardin. In this room are three exquisite things, Nos. 155, 156 and 157, by Birke* Foster, warm in color and worth lingering over for an hour.

In the third gallery we have Leutze's "Crossing the Ford," No. 81, which but for the name of the artist would be passed among the clay school, and as unattractive as so much *gravas* can well be made. No. 168 is a little dash of pleasant color, by Nehlig, called "After the Wedding." No. 193, "The Letter Writer," by Muller, is good, well grouped and expressive, but heavy. No. 198, "Lighthouse," by Poitevin, is alive and attractive. Thomas Nast has a picture here, No. 203, "The Yankee Decoy," which we look upon as one of the best pictures of the exhibition; another, No. 212, also by this artist, "The Halt," is worthy attention. Why is it that pictures with pretentious names are all marked sold, while such as these remain? Gifford has a good picture here, "The Camp of the 7th Regiment," No. 207.

In the fourth gallery there is a picture by Edwards, an old friend, but not less welcome, "Time to Go," No. 243; a charming one by Auker, No. 246, "The Knitting School"; and "The Coast of Labrador," No. 254, by Bradford—a more than good.

We hold the great fault of this exhibition to be that our artists have only exhibited their third-rate pictures. This applies in all cases except those of a few young men, who have reputations to gain, and have done the best that time allowed them to do. Haste in executive art, as in all things else, is part of American character, and the characteristic is here forcibly displayed. When our artists realize this, then we shall have better and more commendable exhibitions.

Our Amusements.

It is hard to turn the head in any direction and not see theatrical prosperity. Every house is crowded night after night, and every manager wearing a smiling face, that seems to say that he sets criticism at defiance. What cares a manager for criticism when his house is crowded mightily? Does Mr. Grummels care when he produces "The Massacred Milkmaid"; or, the Red-Legged Pirate of the Southern Seas; with all the original effects, if the entire *ross* denounce it as an immoral production, and calculated to teach the young idea to be naughty. If his house is only overcrowded every evening? Not a whit. He caters for the public, not for the press, and as long as the "Red-Legged Pirate" has a single leg to go upon he can afford to set the newspapers at defiance, and put up mammoth posters outside the box-office that say "The free list totally suspended!"

There has been no positive sensation this week in theatricals, the nearest approach to it being the legitimate and Edwin Booth as Hamlet. It is, perhaps, late in the day to say anything concerning Mr. Booth's Hamlet, but we can say something commanding the management for the manner in which they have put it upon the stage, by declaring it one of the few attempts that have been successful in putting Shakespeare upon the boards in a way that is calculated to win the theatre-goers of the present day. We faster ourselves that we are sensible in our appreciation of the great bard, but we are also sensible enough to know that even with the superlative talent of Mr. Booth to sustain them, the plays of Shakespeare are not calculated, in the present age, to draw appreciative audiences, unless accompanied with all the scenic and costuming effects that can be brought to bear upon them. We do not think the New York stage has advanced in this point, and have no hesitation in declaring that nothing has been done as well since Charles Kean produced "Richard III." and "King John," at the old Park, twenty years ago. The burial scene, as given at Winter Garden, is good, and brought to our mind the night tent scene in Richard of the olden time, and in saying this we cannot conceive a higher compliment.

There is a great satisfaction in once more seeing this house crowded in every part, and we can only wonder, if they fill the house for "Hamlet," what will the public do when more popular plays are produced.

Wallack has given us during the past week "Maids and Facos," "Rural Felicity," and "To Marry or Not to Marry?" In the latter Miss Henriques has been obliged to take the part of Foster, that in which Miss Gannon made so decided a hit, the latter lady being taken suddenly ill. This week Boucicault's new play, "How She Loves Him!" will be presented.

At the Olympic this week we are also to have some Boucicault—is there no other dramatic writer in the world?—in the shape of a new spectacular drama, entitled "The Streets of New York," which we presume to be the same thing that was produced years ago under the title of "The Poor of New York." That the piece is well drawn under the admirable producing of this house more than a fact, and if it has been rehearsed and brought down to the requirements of the day, we see no reason why it should not be just as good as new.

Of the Broadway we have nothing to say. Mr. John Owens is going on nightily playing Solon Shingle, and the people are crowding the house to that unconfessable degree that we feel sure the management must be disgusted to the highest degree. Through the week Buckstone's comedy of "The Happiest Day of My Life" has been given. We envy Owens the reputation he is making in New York almost as much as we envy the management the greenbacks that come in a steady stream through the box-office window.

Every American ought to go once, if no more, even though he does not understand a word of the language, to the Théâtre Français, that he may know what lively thing is, and see a performance in which the very lowest performer seems to have and to show a positive interest in the business of the play.

One of the lucky ones of the day is Heller. His rooms are crowded every night, and, setting an example from which New York managers may copy, even while the old programme is drawing crowds, he changes it for something entirely new. The coming week he will pre-

sent an entertainment of a perfectly novel character, being a combination of Hellerism and Ravelism, calculated somewhat to startle those who are not believers in the supernatural.

Artemus Ward is another instance of good fortune, though we can hardly call that luck which is based upon something exactly suiting the public taste. There is something about Artemus too ridiculous to speak of, and if it were only for the satisfaction of seeing his audiences laugh, we could not refrain from going, once a week, to Dodworth's Hall. On Thursday evening, the 15th inst., Artemus lectures for the benefit of Mr. E. F. Muller, the well-known comic artist, who is very ill at St. Vincent's Hospital.

Barnum is counting everything by threes: three Giants, three Dwarfs, three Fat Girls, three performances daily, and triplets of all sorts.

EPIOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—A woman, at Wilton, Me., recently drowned herself in a half hoghead of water. She carefully put on her rubbers before, going to do the deed.

—Gen. John Pope has gone to the Army of the Potomac.

—The Gloucester (Mass.) fishery this year has resulted well. The catch of mackerel will pay a handsome profit. Nine vessels and 75 men were lost in the cod fisheries.

—The Illinois State Sanitary Commission has arranged to meet Sherman's army, with the released Union prisoners, on the Atlantic coast, with a large cargo of potatoes, onions, pickles and dried fruit.

—In a speech, in New Orleans, recently, Jacob Barker mentioned, incidentally, that when Robert Fulton's machinery, for the first steamboat, came from the manufacturer, in England, to New York, it was consigned to him, and it actually remained in his commission warehouse six months before the money could be raised to pay the charges of importation.

—Monticello, Thomas Jefferson's old homestead, has been sold, under the sequestration law, to B. F. Ficklin, for \$80,500.

—Hon. James Speed, of Kentucky, has been appointed to succeed Mr. Bates as Attorney-General.

—Mr. G. W. Childs, the eminent publisher, of Philadelphia, has purchased the *Public Ledger* newspaper of that city.

—Salem, Lynn, Springfield and New Bedford, all secondary cities of Massachusetts, are to be supplied with water, just as New York, Philadelphia and Boston are—from contiguous lakes.

—The steamer Bay State, which used to run between New York and Fall River, has been condemned and broken up. She was the pioneer of the line, on which she has served for 17 years.

—More than 79,000 trees, shrubs and herbaceous plants were planted in the Central Park last year. The carriage drive, now completed, is about 80 miles in length.

—A single firm, of Pittsburg, Ohio, is obtaining 160 barrels of oil every day. It sells for \$24 per barrel. This is one of the most remarkable "strikes" recorded in the history of the oil excitement.

—There are, it is said, 50,000 Chinese in this country.

—The widow of Joshua R. Giddings died at Jefferson, Ashtabula county, Ohio, on the 16th ult.

—A dance in one of the Cincinnati theatres came to a sad death lately. She had been dancing, and in passing from the greenroom to the stage, drank a tumblerful of ice-water, from the effects of which she dropped dead in full view of the audience. She was swelled past identification, in a few minutes. Her professional name was Millie Francia.

—A Boston paper published the following facts and correspondence: "Mrs. Birky, a lady in the southern portion of this city, whose case has excited much sympathy, had six sons enlisted in the Union army, five of whom have been killed in battle, and the sixth is now at the U. S. Hospital at Readville. Being in indigent circumstances, she has received assistance from some of the churches and Christian women of Boston. Her lonely abode has been made cheerful by the receipt of the following letter from President Lincoln:

"Executive Mansion, Washington, Nov. 21, 1864.

"Dear Madam—I have been shown, in the files of the War Department, a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts, that you are the mother of five sons, who have died gloriously on the field of battle.

"I feel now weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save.

"I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours, to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of Freedom.

—Yours, very sincerely and respectfully,

A. LINCOLN."

—Coal has been discovered at Fort Rice, in Dakota. One vein is six feet thick. The field trends southwardly, and is supposed to have its outcrop in the Black Hills. A few months since an immense basin of salt, five miles square, was found near Carson river, in Nevada, not far from the locality of the silver mines. It is 14 feet thick, of pure rock salt, as white as snow.

—The last party from Virginia City, Idaho, were obliged to dig out the coach on one occasion, and the weather was extremely cold. At Fort Hall there was a large quantity of snow, and the weather was intensely cold. Snow was four feet deep between Denver and Colorado City on election day, Nov. 8th, and two and a half feet at Denver.

—Gen. Butler, in an order dismissing a member of the Colored Light Artillery, from the service, says: "He was in a state of intoxication, which is reported as beastly; but that is evidently a mistake, as beasts do not get drunk."

—The *Scientific American* states that, owing to the heavy tax, there is an immense falling off in the consumption of tobacco.

—The great breach in the Erie Canal, 12 miles west of Rochester, which has caused a premature suspension of navigation, was occasioned by the boring of a muskrat. In two hours after the small leak was discovered, 50,000 square yards of earth were washed out of the bank.

—The commandant of Libby prison issued a stringent order that Union prisoners must limit their letters to six lines. The following is a specimen of the letters subsequently written:

"MY DEAR WIFE—Yours received—no hope of exchange—send corn starch—want socks—no money—roushamton in left shoulder—picked very good—send sausage—God bless you—kiss the baby—Half Column! Your devoted husband."

—Nearly 600 National banks have been organized, with capitals amounting to about \$100,000,000. Isn't it time to stop?

—An army correspondent of the New York *Commercial Advertiser* says of the Dutch Gap Canal: "It will be 500 feet long, or, including dredging, in water, 550 feet. Its breadth at the top of the cut is 125, and at the bottom 65 feet, the sides having very steep slopes. It will have 16 feet of water at low tide (those being slightly felt here). This short cut will soon save a navigation of seven miles, the Southern shore beyond that point being high and precipitous." The canal is substantially finished.

—In a recent speech at Cincinnati, Ex-Secretary and now Chief Justice Chase said: "Now, I take no particular pleasure in being called 'greenbacks.' I don't think it is a bad name. But then greenbacks was not the end of my design by a long ways. If I were carrying out this plan, as I hope and trust it will be carried out, and as our platform pledges the Administra-

tion to do, the time will not be remote when, supported properly by Congress and the people, every dollar in greenbacks will be made equivalent to a dollar in gold. We never should content ourselves until we have brought up every paper dollar issued by Congress to a gold value."

—There are 5,000,000 native Germans in the United States, and this year's emigration will add 70,000 to that number.

—An association has been organized at Alton, Ill., to raise a monument to the memory of Lovejoy, the Abolitionist, who was shot there, years ago.

—The official majority of votes cast for Gen. McClellan in Mr. Lincoln's own county of Sangamon, Illinois, is 376.

—The Arabia, of the Cunard line of steamers, has

been sent an entertainment of a perfectly novel character, being a combination of Hellerism and Ravelism, calculated somewhat to startle those who are not believers in the supernatural.

—Artemus Ward is another instance of good fortune, though we can hardly call that luck which is based upon something exactly suiting the public taste. There is something about Artemus too ridiculous to speak of, and if it were only for the satisfaction of seeing his audiences laugh, we could not refrain from going, once a week, to Dodworth's Hall. On Thursday evening, the 15th inst., Artemus lectures for the benefit of Mr. E. F. Muller, the well-known comic artist, who is very ill at St. Vincent's Hospital.

—Barnum is counting everything by threes: three Giants, three Dwarfs, three Fat Girls, three performances daily, and triplets of all sorts.

—The *Epitome of the Week*.

—It is stated that the Secretary of War has decided that colored recruits are entitled to the same bounty as white recruits, viz., \$100 for one year, \$300 for two years, and \$600 for three years. Representative recruits are also entitled to this bounty, without regard to color.

—A young lady in Richmond, N. H., recently shot a too presuming gallant, killing him instantly. A free use of this sort of discipline might be beneficial to male society.

—The resignations of the following named officers have been accepted by the President: Major-Gen. John A. McClernan, Brig.-Gen. E. A. Payne, Brig.-Gen. Neal Dow.

—Gen. Butler has issued an order mustering out of service several officers of colored troops, for incapacity and other more disgraceful causes.

—New molasses is sold at \$1.20 cents a gallon at New Orleans.

—Up to the 30th of Nov. last, 175,352 immigrants had arrived at New York since Jan. 1st, from foreign parts. This exceeds the immigration of last year, in the same time, by 30,000.

—It is stated that there are, at present, between 600 and 600 deserters from the Federal army, in the immediate vicinity of Niagara Falls, on the Canada side, most of whom have obtained bounties. They are in a wretched condition. Some of them are working on the Great Western Railroad, as laborers, for very small compensation.

—A new dramatic and musical paper has been commenced in New York. It is called the *Figure*. It is edited by Mr. Greathead, of London and Paris.

—The *Musical Review* will be hereafter published under the name of the *Weekly Review*. It will be edited by Mr. C. B. Seymour, dramatic and musical critic of the *New York Times*.

—The *New York Leader* is to be converted into an evening paper, under the name of the *Evening Leader*.

—Lord Lyons has left Washington, and sails for London this week. It is doubtful whether he will return. His Secretary of Legation will transmit the business of the mission in the meanwhile. His lordship will be much missed from a position he has filled with credit to himself and advantage to both countries. He is in feeble health, caused by overworking his mind.

—Mr. Horatio Alger, Jr., an occasional contributor to this paper, has received and accepted a call to become the pastor of the Unitarian Church and Society in Brewster, Mass.

—Foreign.—During a festive gathering in Venice, consisting of the officers of an Austrian regiment and a number of ladies, an Orsini bomb fell into their midst, through the skylight. Owing to the capsule falling off, the bomb did not explode. Had it done so the loss of life would have been great.

—The waters of the Rhone have risen nearly 20 feet, and are still rising. They are within 18 inches of the height they attained in 1840, when so much damage was done. It is said that these inundations occur four times in a century.

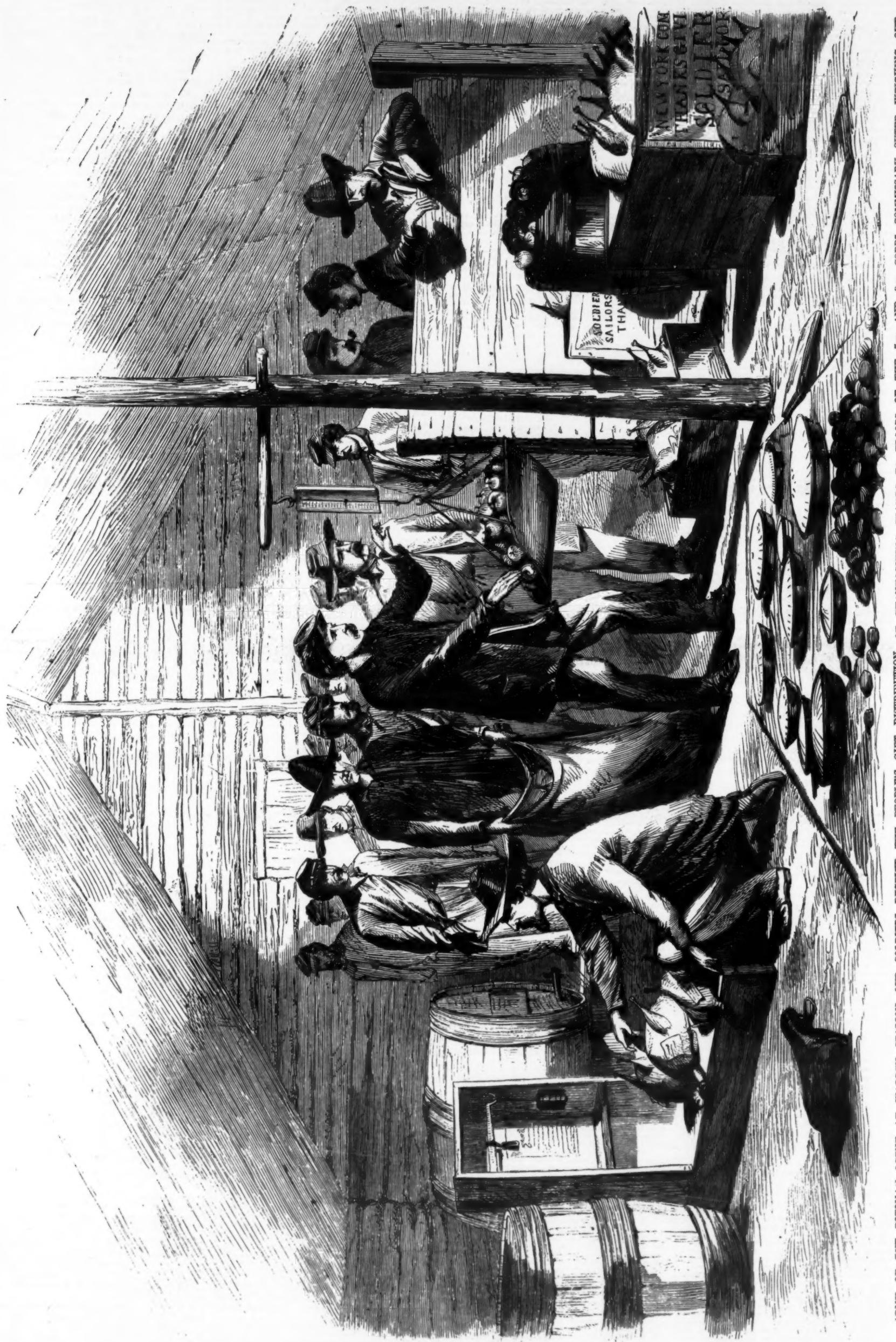
—Punjab coal has been tried in the locomotives of the Punjab railroad, in India, and found to answer admirably.

—A writer in the English *Quarterly* says, that "the reason why the French are so ill-informed is that they read only newspapers!"

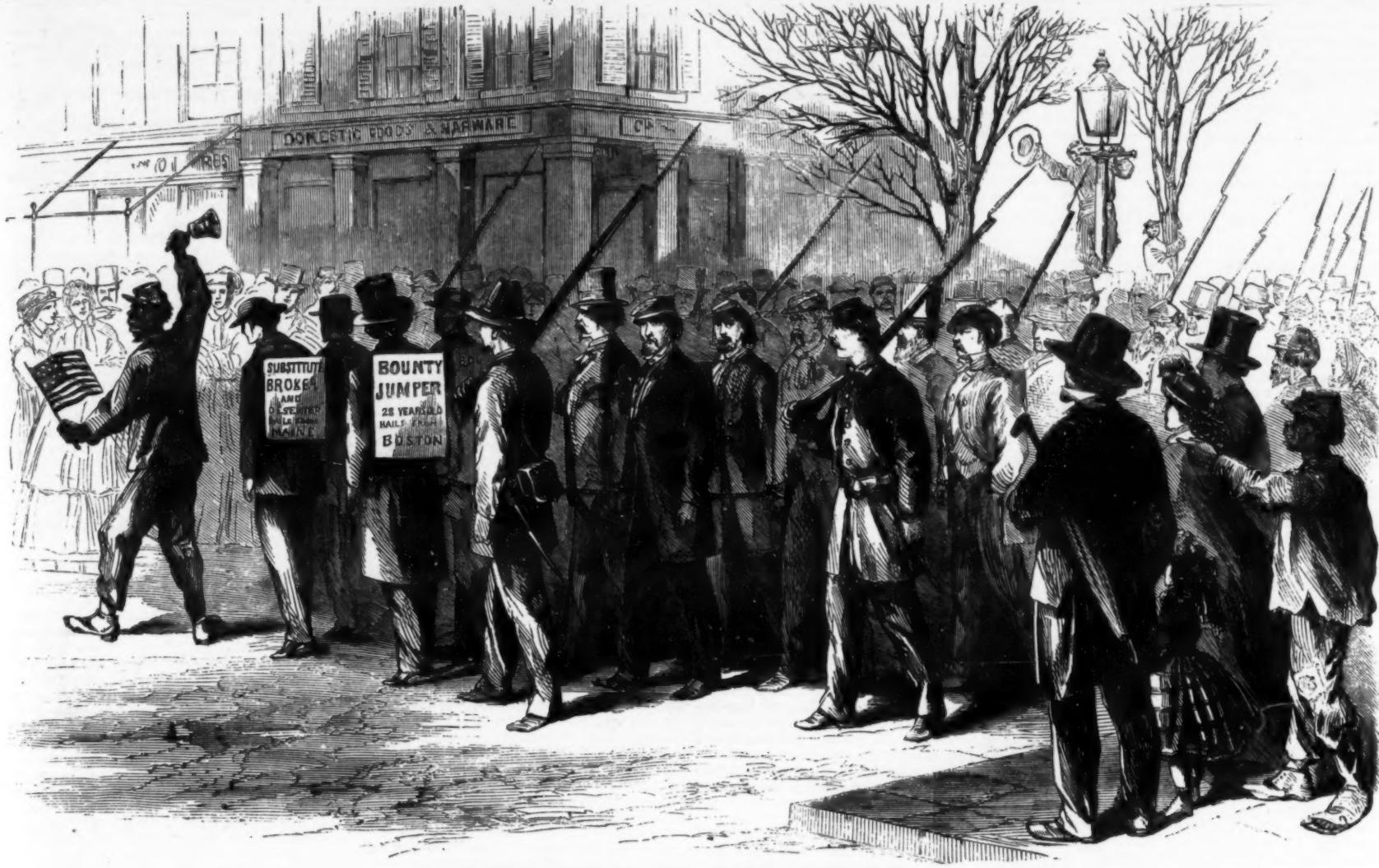
—An English justice has refused to grant a warrant, which a person of the name of Ward applied for, against the Davenport Brothers, on the charge of getting money under false pretenses, alleging that the *Davenport scenes* were such "silly exhibitions," that no one attending them could be said to have his money taken from his pockets "under false pretenses," telling the applicant "that it was another instance of a fool and his money soon parted."

—Another enormity has been committed in an English railway carriage, this time in a third-class one. A well-dressed young man undressed himself before a number of ladies, and then pitched his clothes on to the track. He was given in charge at the next station, in *Paris*, and which was also recently adjudicated, and which had been progressing 331 years, and one in England between two branches of the Seymour family, which had been 274 years in litigation. This was settled when Lord Brougham was Lord Chancellor.

—The laws of the Hungarian families of Weynay and Broukay, which has been progressing for 180 years, has been settled at last in favor of the Broukay family, who retain their estate. There have been only two lawsuits equal to this in period of time; one in Florence, which was also recently adjudicated, and which had been progressing 331 years, and one in England between two branches



ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—SCENE AT WARREN STATION—OUR SOLDIERS RECEIVE THE PEOPLE'S GIFT—DISTRIBUTION OF THANKSGIVING VIANDS TO TROOPS OF THE 5TH AND 9TH CORPS—COMMISSARY SUTER WEIGHING OUT THE STORES.—From a Sketch by our SPECIAL ARTIST, Joseph Becker.



BOUNTY JUMPERS' PARADE, AT INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA: SUPERINTENDED BY COL. WARNER.

A NATIONAL SONG.
BY THOMAS POWELL.

When driven by a despot's wrath,
Our Pilgrim Fathers, led by God,
Found o'er the billows' foaming path—
A land which tyrants never trod—
On the bare deck this anthem rings,
"Life to the Freemen—Death to Kings!"



They passed the darkness of the night,
And rode through many a blinding storm,
Till sleeping in the snowdimmed light,
A New World stretched its giant form—
Loud on the shore the anthem rings,
"Life to the Freemen—Death to Kings!"

Marshalled in battle's grim array,
A Power which shames the Roman might
Marked the young Nation for its prey,
And dared it to the unequal fight—
On victory's plain the pean rings,
"Triumph to Freemen—Shame to Kings!"

Though Treason with its demon stride
Raged for awhile throughout the land,
Soon in calm Freedom's grasp it died,
And Peace now rules with placid hand—
On hill and plain the anthem rings,
"Traitors have shared the doom of Kings."

Hail, great Republic of the west,
Thou Homestead of the brave and free,
The ready friend of the oppress,
The chosen shrine of Liberty—
Taught by thy voice, each Freeman sings,
"The Pilgrims' sons have strangled
Kings!"

Long may thy glorious flag, unfurled,
Float proudly on from shore to shore,
The hope and glory of the world,
When banded Despots are no more—
Thy Stars—
Thy Stripes—the scourge of Tyranny."

WHAT ANTIETAM WAS TO ONE.

BY LAURA W. LAMOREUX.

"Gil!" I called in a loud whisper, speaking quickly, lest another peal of thunder should prevent my being heard. The boy moved slowly, and the rope that held him by the ankle creaked over the rafter to which it was confined.

"Is it you, Lot?"

"Yes."

"Go back!" he said, almost roughly.

"Not yet," I replied, catching the deep vibrations of pain underlying his sullen words. Crash followed crash, as if the heavens were rushing to conflict in wild dismay. The house shook under the reeling thunderbolts like one to be annihilated by the fury of the storm; but we were not frightened; we were not timid children. Gilbert, at least, was little more than a child yet. Another blinding flash filled the room. Gilbert was sitting as upright now as he could. The rope was too

short to let his foot rest on the floor, so he had to sit carefully, or it would chafe his ankle.

"Have you had anything to eat, Gil?"

"No."

"For how long?"

"Since breakfast."

"Oh, Gil!" I said woefully. He laughed a low, bitter laugh, such as makes one shiver.

"How long have you been here?"

"Three days and two nights."

"What for?" I asked, in low tones, the terrors of a suffering childhood creeping over me.

"Because I went into the streets without his leave, and he found my boots worn from kicking ball with the boys—as he would have it. I play a great deal, you know," he added, sneeringly. It was the old story. A pang smote me, to think I had been spending happy days all this time away from home.

"I've brought you some nice supper," I said, lowering my voice as the storm began to abate.

"I don't want any of his cursed victuals," was the muttered reply.

"Oh, yes, you'll eat for mother and me, you know."

He asked in softer tones where mother was.

"Hasn't she been to see you?" I asked in surprise.

"No," he said sadly.

"You don't think she doesn't want to, Gil?" He shook his head.

"I didn't get home until after dinner," I continued, "and she has been crying all the afternoon. She told me where you were; and I'm quite sure she wasn't asleep when I came through her room. You know it doesn't do for her to say anything."



THE GRAVES OF MOTHER AND SON.

He sat munching greedily at the food I brought him. The storm was going over, and swatches of moonlight straggling in at the broken window showed how pale and ghostlike he had grown since I went away, a month before. "Why did I leave him?" I asked myself reproachfully; "him I love better than anything in the wide world, even mother." I remember how proud and happy I was years before, when he was a large, beautiful baby, and I a little girl of five, trying almost vainly to hold him chubby, struggling form in my weak arms. The great trouble then was that I could not keep him quiet and happy in my arms. What was it now? He broke in on these thoughts.

"You'd better go back, Lot, it's getting lighter, you see."

"No, not yet. I wouldn't care, anyhow, only for you. Didn't you want me, Gil?"

"No!" he replied sullenly, "I didn't want anything, only to die. How I hate him!" he said, raising his great black eyes to mine, full of bitterness and ghastly murder. "Why, Lot," he went on, "I've prayed till I'm hoarse, here in this awful storm, before you came, for God to strike him dead with the lightning. I'm like a devil, ain't I?"

He had eaten the food, and lay back wearily on the floor.

"No, no, it isn't you that is so bad," I said, the hot tears splashing over my cheeks all the while I was looking about the dim room for something to make a pillow of. At last I found an old quilt in a barrel, and rolling it up, placed it under the suspended foot.

"Now Gil, lay your head on my lap and go to sleep." He did as I bade him, and soon fell into a heavy sleep. I sat watching him until the moon



THE DYING DRUMMER-BOY AND HIS SISTER IN THE SURGEON'S TENT.

went down, and the first faint beams of light began to penetrate the thick darkness that precedes the early dawn. Then laying his head carefully on the floor again, while I tore the quilt into parts, I placed a comparatively comfortable pillow under head and foot, and softly kissing him as he slept, stole quickly down the stairs, passed through my parent's apartment, and reached my own room unobserved.

The next morning Gil was released, but did not make his appearance at the breakfast table. As soon as father went out for the morning, however, he came in with a nervous air, and, walking straight up to where mother was sitting, put his arms about her neck, and kissed her passionately again and again. Then, after quick, hurried whispers, he said the good-bye we two had been dreading so long. We knew he would not bear it always. As soon as mother could speak, she said, oh, so wearily, so hopelessly:

"You are going, my son?"
"Yes, mother; I'm going where I will never see him again," he said, with slow, stinging emphasis. "And tell him, for my good-bye, mother, that he has made me hate him more than I love my own soul."

He looked fiercely beautiful, with the dark brown curls falling over his forehead, and the wild light gleaming in his eyes, as he stood for a moment facing mother. She caught him to her bosom again, and they held each other in a long, close embrace, and then he was gone. She covered her face with her hands and wept aloud. I rushed out swiftly after him, and overtook him at the end of the lane. He reached out his arm without stopping, and I linked mine in it as I came up.

"I knew you would come, Lot."

"Yes. Where are you going?"
"I'm going into the army—war, death, anything but this, Lot—anything but this crushing out of my life and my manhood. I've thought it all over—you know I've had time"—he added, sarcastically; "and I've made up my mind to go, and if I'm killed, Lot, it's a poor life that has gone, perhaps in place of a better. Don't say a word, don't reproach me, don't ask me to stay, and oh, how I'll love you," he said, looking at me with earnest, imploring eyes.

"No, no, how can I?" I said, pressing the arm I held closer in my grasp.

He stopped suddenly, as if a new thought had struck him. A look of troubled anxiety overspread his face, as he asked in low, hurried tones:

"But him! do you think he will send after me?"

I feared he would, I knew it would be terrible, and my face seemed to satisfy him as to what I thought.

"Dare you tell him what I say?"

"Indeed I dare."
He drew his form up proudly, as if in defiance of his words, and went on rapidly:

"Tell him I took money from his own drawer to take me where I am going, and if he dares to call me thief, I fling the words back in his teeth. Ask him what he has wrung from my meagre wants, what he has sapped from my cramped childhood?"

I remembered bitterly how he had taken mother's money that she was saving for Gilbert's education, and would not allow her to appropriate a cent of it for the purpose she desired, and my heart hardened like flint as he proceeded:

"Tell him he has robbed me of what can never be replaced, and that if he ever takes me, it will not be alive. No, Lot," he added in low, deep tones, "I will never look that man in the face again with these living eyes, till he owns how inhumanly he has wronged me."

"I will tell him every word, Gilbert."

How could I, who knew all his sufferings, blame him? He stood a moment lost in thought, his eyes resting on the house that held mother, then starting, he said:

"I must go!"

"You will kiss me, Gil?"

"Don't cry, Lot!"

He turned to me with a look full of that fierce, hungry pleading that comes of despair.

"No, dear, no. God bless you!"

And we parted. I gave him all my strength, and went back, weak and shivering, to the place he had left.

At dinner, as we three sat alone, I repeated, in cool, firm tones, word for word, Gilbert's message to father. A frown like midnight gathered on his face, and when I had done, he said, in strong, relentless accents:

"He has gone his way, and I will go mine. His name must never be mentioned in my presence."

And so it was. Three weary weeks went by, and there came no intelligence from him after whom two hearts in that dreary household yearned so intensely. In the meanwhile I ordered a separate box at the post office, to prevent any chance of a letter falling into my father's hands, who, I was quite certain, would destroy it unread. At last our anxiety was relieved. A worn, soiled letter, superscribed in Gil's handwriting, was placed in my hand. It was mailed at Harrisburg. It said he was a drummer-boy in a Pennsylvania regiment, which was to leave their present camp as soon as their colonel—who was absent on a short furlough—returned to join the army of the Potowmac. "Tell mother not to worry about me; and Lot, if I get sick or scratched, don't you be trying to get to me, the way you did that night in the garret." How well he knew me, to divine the scheme I was maturing, as the one solitary pleasure of my barren life. Did he think to disarm me of my resolution to go to him in case of harm, when he made that weak protest? Indeed it only served to place me more seriously on the lookout for his interest. I was reading the letter to mother, when father's step was heard at the door. She made one of her quick, frightened motions to check me, but I read on, in the same determined voice with which I had been reading. He stood in the doorway until I was done, and was refolding the letter. I knew from the hardness of his sil-

ence that a storm was brewing, and the spirit within me rose to meet it.

"Girl!" he said sharply.
I rose to my feet, and turned towards him.

"Send that letter back, and tell the boy to mind no more such come to this house."

"I will do no such thing!" I answered, in a cold, inflexible voice, roused at this new evidence of his cruel tyranny. We stood facing each other, as parent and child seldom meet. If he saw in my face what I felt within me, it was no wonder that he turned pale, and left the room. Not that I was prone to be disrespectful, but injustice drove me almost prematurely to assert my own independence.

Mother, who sat quailing in her easy-chair, with a look of helpless distress on her countenance, during this little scene, recovered herself, and said, with a look of relief:

"I am glad my poor boy has you, Charlotte."

"Yes, mother, he has me. I have given myself to him."

"You can do better than me. You won't fail him?" she asked, in her weak way, sinking back weakly in her chair.

"No, mother, you may go easy for that."

It was settled between us now that she was dying; when we talked it was to the point. We had suffered too much together to spare each other by choosing feathered words.

"You'll remember all I say for him, Charlotte?"

"Yes, mother, and what you cannot, through weakness, say. I think your mother's heart will come to me when you are gone, and keep it all fresh."

She looked up in her feeble, confiding manner, catching the intent of my words, and a look of satisfaction, as if she was deriving comfort from them, overspread her face.

From that time a settled peace seemed to have rested upon her, and one day, after a night of unusual suffering, she died calmly in my arms.

I did not sink under this new trial, for I felt the burthen of two lives was upon me now. Father started terribly when he looked at the ghastly truthfulness of death in mother's stricken form. Her cold face appealed to us both, but it was as helpless here as it had been in its desolate life pleadings. And we stalked through the echoing rooms of the old house, two solitary, unblending existences.

Gil passed the Peninsular campaign unharmed. He spoke often in his letters of a surgeon who was very kind to him, and procured him many privileges and favors that he could not otherwise have obtained. I perceived, and it gave me unutterable happiness, that he had found comfort and enjoyment in a human friendship. It was one of my solitary pleasures to watch the growth and development of this attachment, and anticipate the possible good that might accrue to my brother from it.

I had never yet written to him of mother's death, dreading the effect I knew it would have on his impressionable nature. I had full faith that we should meet again, and then I hoped to impart the painful fact in a manner that would at least make the shock less abrupt. Whatever came of it in such a case, I might be near to help him bear this, I had reason to fear, unbearable sorrow. All the love that father's cold harshness had thrown back into the boy's bosom had gone out passionately, clinging to her. I trembled to think how he would look at the world when he found she had gone from it. And so I delayed telling him until the time came when I saw more necessity.

The stubborn fighting before Richmond was over, and battle after battle, in which the receding or returning (just as one sees it) army was engaged, was fought, and through them all my brother passed unscathed. I came to think he bore a charmed existence, but never for a moment slackened my diligent watch.

At last the battle of Antietam came. Those three terrible days, when a screeching, shrieking battlefield, with its untold horrors of aggravated suffering and death, lay between two unrelenting armies, formed a season of inexpressible anguish to me. I knew the regiment to which Gilbelonged was in the engagement, but that was all. No word or particular nearer to his interest than that could be gleaned by the most diligent search. Not a name among the list of killed, wounded or missing bore the number of that regiment, and I felt assured there was some mistake, as it seemed impossible for all to escape. My anxiety grew insupportable, and I decided at last to go and see for myself if there were cause for the apprehension I could not thrust from me. Mother had managed to reserve a portion of her private property, until a few years back, when it was converted into ready money, two hundred dollars of which was all that was left at her death. This she gave me, charging me to keep it in readiness to use in Gilbel's behalf, in case he needed assistance. By this provision I was enabled to follow out my inclinations, independent of the help I would have felt justified even in begging for, had I known my brother to be in a suffering condition. The evening before the day on which I was to start, I told father, as a matter of justice due him, what my intentions were. He replied by asking, with a cold sneer, if I were mad, or only half-witted. Disregarding this unfeeling conduct, in my strong desire to do what I might some day wish I had, I asked him if, in case I should find Gilbel suffering or dying, he had any message for me to take him? Looking at me sternly, he asked if I remembered the charge he gave upon the day of my brother's departure?

I felt I had done all that the most stringent duty could require of me, and proceeded with my preparations, wondering if Gilbel and I were the only ones who would have to link bitter memories with these passing days. After dinner the next day, I walked three miles to meet the three o'clock train. My course had all been carefully mapped out at leisure, and every preparation that time and study could suggest was already made. I wore a

dress of material that would not easily soil, and selected shoes with an eye more to strength than beauty. My other needs were all confined, with the strictest regard to economy of space, within the limits of a large-sized lady's travelling reticule. Besides the few articles of clothing indispensable to my own wants, I found room for soft worn handkerchiefs, lint and bits of old linen, with a few small-sized towels, needlebook, scissors, twine, thread, and, indeed, the whole paraphernalia of the work-table, was stowed away in my pocket, in the smallest compass imaginable. Two worn skirts, suitable for small bandages and the like, I wore upon my person, without feeling encumbered. Then in a middling-sized paper-box I managed to pack a few delicacies for a sick man's appetite, a half dozen lemons, and a small bottle of brandy, all of which proved of great service and could be carried without serious fatigue.

I felt satisfied, when I took my seat in the cars that I could traverse whole miles of country road in search of Gil, if necessary, and suffer but little inconvenience from my travelling accoutrements. A lady friend at home, who was well acquainted with the route I was going, had given me the address and a note of introduction to an acquaintance in Chambersburg, who, she felt confident, would be able to assist me materially in my enterprise. To my great satisfaction I found her at home, and strongly inclined to interest herself in my behalf. She had friends in the Christian Association, who were sending men and supplies to the battlefield, at short intervals, and it so happened that the very morning after my arrival a wagon and attendant was secured for my immediate departure.

As I sat waiting for the vehicle, which was a poor one, and procured with difficulty, I took up a morning paper and glanced abstractedly over a portion of its contents. Suddenly my eye became conscious that there was Gilbel on the page, within compass of my wandering vision. My gaze became fixed in eager search, and I soon found a list of heretofore unpublished casualties. Among them was a notice of a drummer-boy in the—Pennsylvania regiment, wounded in the side, name—Gilbel Laithorne. I had only time to clasp my hands in utter gratitude that I was so near him, when the wagon drove up, and I sprang down the steps, impatient of delay. A lady, alone like me, going in search of her son, who was badly wounded, formed one of the company.

Oh, these hurried journeys, when one goes rushing on, with the bare hope that they may reach the suffering loved ones before life or even consciousness are gone; pleading with inward fervency as they go that they may be in time to get a word, a smile, a glance of recognition, a low, swift farewell, a tender parting pressure of the hand, something—something to bear hence to the troubled life-dream, for ever starting with this sad one voice. I had said all the way, "I fear my brother is wounded or dead," but it was a shapeless fear. In my inmost heart there lurked a secret joy, ready to spring into utterance, that I would find him living, blooming, bright and glad at my approach. I had kept a heavy hand on this delight, giving it small scope, lest it reared itself into a hope whose dissipation would leave me doubly desolate; but it was there, and there was darkness behind it. I wrung my hands in silent anguish as we drove over the thronged road, praying that the light might not all go out.

At last we were fairly within sight of our encampments. A little more delay and the lines were passed, and a messenger dispatched with my brother's name, regiment and other particulars requisite to ascertain his whereabouts. After what seemed an almost interminable length of time he returned, saying my brother was in Surgeon Wheaton's private tent, and I could see him at once. I followed my guide hurriedly, until we came to a little tent, outside the door of which stood a man, apparently past the prime of youth, who seemed waiting for some one. As we came up he recognised me, and extended his hand with a few words of questioning sympathy. I understood, intuitively, that this was the surgeon whom Gilbel had spoken of as his friend so often. My forced composure gave way for the moment, and I had need of the firm hand I was holding to sustain me from falling. It was very wise in him to meet me here, outside the tent, and prepare me to see my suffering brother. I did not resist as he drew me gently aside and waited for me to grow calm. I saw in this preparation, however, that there was danger in my brother's case, and made every effort to recover my self-composure.

At last I was myself again, and looking at me with an encouraging smile, he said I might go in, Gilbel was expecting me. He went a little in advance, saying I was there, and giving me a signal to approach. I followed him cautiously, striving powerfully to keep down the rush of feeling that almost overwhelmed me again as my eyes fell on the white face I had so longed to look upon. He lay on a rude though comfortable couch, his hirsute cheek pressed close against the pillow—a pure white one, I was so glad of that, he had such a dainty fondness for white)—his transparent fingers grasping the soft cushion, and crowding it back to give a firmer support for the head. He did not move when our eyes met, but I would have faced dangers indescribable to read all that came to me in that long, wistful, devouring glance. A low cry of suppressed thankfulness issued from his lips as I knelt down, and gathering his wasted hands in mine, kissed his forehead, and cheek, and lips, with streaming eyes. It was long before either spoke, but those deep, hungry eyes never once moved from my face. They thanked, they searched, they blessed me, and—oh, terrible!—they glimmered forth sure, swift foreshadowings of a coming separation.

At last he asked, in a vainly attempted tone of reproach:

"What made you come, Lot?"
I silenced his lips with the pressure of my own, and when I raised my head he smiled a sweet, sad smile, that said in its way:

"I know I won't ask again."

The surgeon came nearer now, and Gilbel said it was him he had spoken of so often in his letters.

"He has been mother and sister to me, Lot."

The pale face blanched whiter, but it did not say father.

"Did you suffer long before they brought you away, Gilbel?" I asked.

A shadow of unutterable pain passed over his face, as he said in a wild, vague way, looking up at the opening in the tent:

"Two days of burning thirst, and groans, and speechless agony. It was dreadful, dreadful," he said, murmuring in a lower tone, as if to himself then turning quickly to me, he went on hurriedly, "And then to think they were so near, Lot, leaving us there shrieking our death cries in their very ears, and couldn't come to us, because they wouldn't ask favors of the enemy. Two armies," he continued, in a bitter tone, with a curling lip, "wouldn't ask favors of each other, for those of their own number, fighting in the same cause, who lay there dying long deaths of terrible agony. If I was a nation," he added, "I would think it a deeper disgrace to have my soldiers treated that way than I would to make ten thousand such acknowledgments of defeat, as it would be to ask the privilege of relieving my suffering soldiers. But, Lot," he said, falling into the old way of his boyhood, his face brightening with a joyful smile, as he pointed to the surgeon, "He wasn't so. It was him who started with the first flag of truce Oh, he's good, he's brave—"

The surgeon smiled at his warmth, and said warningly, taking his white hand gently in his:

"We must be careful, you know."

The fire went out of his eyes at that, the muscles about the mouth and neck relaxed, and the uneasy head with its soft curling masses of brown hair lay as quiet as a subdued child's, under the gaze of the surgeon's calm eyes. Then he left him, and I sat by him, talking in a low, soothing voice, giving him no chance to speak, running lightly over the incidents of my journey, and keeping up a sort of disinterested interest, until the eyelids began to droop, and he slept. When he awoke, the sun was going down. He was slightly delirious, and began, as I feared, to worry about me; how and where I would sleep, and the like. The surgeon bade him be easy, saying he would see to all that, and assuring him he would see I had every attention, turned to me apologising for the few conveniences he could offer, and begged me to consider whatever the tent afforded as entirely at my disposal. It was just the opportunity I wanted to impress upon them both, that I was capable of, and could make myself comfortable and serviceable, without infringing upon their few comforts. I gave them to understand that by Gilbel's bedside, and there alone, I could take any rest. Even if I sat all night on the ground, leaning my head on his bed, for the little sleep I might need, it would be better, far better, than the weary suspense of waiting and fearing I had undergone at home. I begged the surgeon to let me have my way, and assured him if he wished to show me kindness, he would not place me in the unpleasant position of feeling I had driven him from his limited accommodations. He looked somewhat surprised, but had the good sense to see that I would be seriously disturbed, if he persisted in his offers of kindness. Indeed I think if women, always fertile in resources, would call the strong principle of self-reliance within them to their aid, and prove to those who love them that they can be strong in the hour of trial, as well as in the days of sunshine, there is many a suffering soldier, who might die in the arms of those whom he loves most, instead of breathing his last hour away alone.

Oh why do we allow ourselves to be so weak and dependent, that they dare not send for us to come and comfort them in this terrible time? What a thought it must be for a wife, a mother, a sister to think: "My husband wanted me before he died, but he thought I could not endure the privations I must undergo to be with him." Let us teach them better.

As it began to grow dark, Gilbel spoke of the long nights he had passed, and said how nice it would be to have me where he could speak to me, now and then. He relished whatever was given him, and drank frequently of lemonade. In the morning, after bathing his face and hands, and combing his hair, I gave him one of the handkerchiefs I brought with me from home. He smiled, and drawing it carelessly across the back of his hand, paused to look at something. It was his own name in the corner. I was standing by him, still holding the towel, with which I had wiped him, in my hands. His eye turned from the handkerchief to that, catching at the initials of mother's name. He started suddenly and asked why I had told him nothing of mother. For a moment I was stunned. I felt the color going from my face, and looked appealingly to the surgeon, who stood near by. He came at once to the bedside, perplexed as to how he might help me. I tried to recover myself, and stammered out:

"She is well, dear. Don't talk now." And made my way out of the tent.

In a few moments the surgeon joined me.

"Mother is dead," I faltered by way of explanation. His lip quivered, but he did not speak.

"I promised to give him her dying words. Will it kill him?" I asked anxiously.

He looked at me with sad, questioning eyes, full of tender pity. I braced myself for the scrutiny, the dim truth I had dreaded assuming terrible distinctness. I would know it if it killed me, and he should tell me there. He read the conflict, and said in tones over which fell a death quiet:

"You must tell him soon, Charlotte."

I pressed my hands tightly over my heart. I would keep the life blood there till he died.

"He must die, sir?"

In his fixed, earnest gaze I read the truth.

"How long?"

He saw I must have the worst. He said in the same voice of suppressed feeling:

"He will need all your strength, Charlotte. He cannot last more than three or four days at most."

"Oh, I must be strong. I will be strong," I said, wildly. "You will help me, sir?"

I caught at his arm for support, and he said, stroking my head soothingly, as if his hand were a mother's hand,

"Indeed, my poor child, I will do all I can for you."

There were tears in his eyes, but I could not weep.

The wounded side was dressed soon after. I sat by him, while it was being done. He seemed anxious to have the lint and cloths I had brought used in dressing it, and after it was over amused himself in pulling out from my satchel and box the things that came from home. He was very happy all day, and talked a great deal, but did not once revert to mother again. At night his side became more painful, but morphine was administered, and he rested well, calling my name now and then, or reaching his hand, to be assured I was near him. Oh, how glad I was that I came!

The next day and night passed very much in the same way.

The surgeon, Dr. Wheaton, spent as much of his time as he could with him, but duties of the same nature were pressing constantly upon him, and I realised what a long, weary succession of days and nights must be dragged through in loneliness by these sick and suffering men.

The morning of the fourth day, a coffin was carried by, and among those who followed it I recognised the lady who came into camp at the same time I did. It struck me as a sad premonitor of what was before me.

Dr. Wheaton left particular directions when he went out, on his morning duties, promising to return as soon as possible. There was a terrible meaning in his words, that the bright face on the couch seemed to belie. I hoped in spite of that thrilling undertone. The boy seemed more comfortable than he had any day since I had been with him, and when the doctor returned I looked at him with a feeling amounting almost to triumph, but he quickly averted his eyes, and sat down a little distance from the bed, with his medicine case in his hands, and his face partially concealed by the slouched hat he wore. Gilbert rallied him on this little omission of politeness, and he immediately removed the hat with a quiet smile. I began to think this dreaded fourth day would not leave me so desolate as I had feared. I noticed the feebleness of his voice, as he spoke from time to time, but did not realise what it meant. He seemed anxious to talk to his friends, who thronged about the tent, and came often as they had done, ever since my arrival, to see if anything could be done for the sufferer. These brave, good, suffering soldiers of ours! God bless them, every one! How the heart of the nation wraps them around with its holiest gratitude and love!

At last the doctor was compelled to close the door in the face of all this kindness. Gilbert was growing weaker. It was quiet for a while then. He lay, holding his emaciated hands up before his face, and looking at the light as it streamed through his thin white fingers.

"How old are you, Lot?" he asked, suddenly dropping his hand, and turning to me.

"Twenty, next month."

"How mad I used to get at you for being the oldest," he said, laughing merrily at the remembrance.

Other memories came over him. The smile went from his face, and a shadow of deep seriousness overspread it.

"You said mother was well. Didn't she send me any word, Lot?"

I saw death's sure track on his face now. I remembered the words:

"You must tell him soon," and I trembled, lest I had delayed too long.

Oh, the words she had left him; the tenderness she had breathed out with her dying, fleeting strength. I poured them in his eager ears, with the swift utterance of one who must crowd a life story into a few short moments. I forgot everything, save the one unexecuted charge, in the hurried intensity of the moment.

"Charlotte!"

The startled, rigid tones reminded me of what I had forgotten. I tried to turn away, but he caught my face between his two hands with greedy eagerness, and looking at me with great, glaring, earnest eyes, asked fixedly:

"Is mother dead?"

I could not evade that searching glance.

"Yes, Gilbert, mother is dead."

"Moth-er—de-ad!"

The hands fell helplessly on the coverlid, and the thin lips moved with a slow quivering motion, as if he were repeating the words to himself. His eyes, around which had settled dark, bluish rims, looked on—on—past the surgeon, who sprang to his bedside—past me, past all that savored of life, as if peering out through the dim vacancy of space, beyond whose boundary the living may not go. I looked in terror at the surgeon, but he did not move. I looked down at the upturned face again, but it was the same. I called his name, but he gazed on unheeding. Then there came a slowly spreading, softly stealing expression of returning consciousness. Happiness, almost unearthly, diffused itself over every lineament of his beautiful face. He raised his hands slowly, as if keeping pace with the gradually dawning joy, and clasped them together in quiet ecstasy, said a clear, thrilling tones, without moving his eyes:

"Darling, precious mother!"

Then turning to me with sudden energy, he exclaimed, a brilliant smile lighting up his face:

"Oh! Charlotte, I won't be a stranger there now, will I?"

"No, dear, no," I said, falling down on my knees before him.

"Look at me, Charlotte!"

I raised my head, and tried to look calmly in his dying face.

"It was lonely, to think of going alone."

"Yes, brother."

"You knew I would die, Lottie?"

"Yes, dear."

"You want to die for me?"

"Oh, Gilbert!"

"It's in her eyes, doctor," he said, turning quickly to him; "they're full of it. Oh, how she wants to die for me; but you can't, Lottie," he continued, childishly, looking back at me.

He was going surely, slowly. I nervously tried to be calm, that I might sustain him to the last.

"I wish I could lean on you, Lottie."

The surgeon turned the mattress carefully, till his head came against my shoulder, as I sat on a low seat by the bed. He nestled it close against me, until my cheek touched his forehead.

"There!" he said, with a look of sweet satisfaction.

I kissed his beautiful forehead, whitening under the chilly, relentless fingers.

"I'm sleepy, Charlotte."

"Go to sleep, darling."

He closed his eyes dreamily, and fell asleep.

Somebody took the heavy head from my shoulder and laid it back on the pillow, and with it went all the strength that had been given me for the time of my great need. I looked at the face where death lay stamped in lines of rigid beauty. I lifted the loose masses of rich brown hair, and let them fall heavily back. I moved my hands over the white forehead and the hueless cheek—I laid my ear down close to the colorless lips that would never smile or speak to me again, and took in the whole bitter truth. A hopeless, desolate chill went sweeping through my heart. Some one spoke my name in low, tender accents. I raised my eyes, and my brother's comforter stood looking at me with a glance of deep, unutterable pity. I reached out my hands to him in my helpless sorrow, and he gathered me into his strong arms as he would have taken a babe.

"Cry now, my poor stricken child," he said, in tones that went straight to the fountains of my heart, and for the first time since my early childhood I wept out my sorrow on a human breast.

I could not weep there always, so I drew back and looked on the couch again.

"He must be buried by mother," I said, wearily. My work was not done yet.

"Yes," he answered, gently. "We must start with him soon."

"We?"

My heart leaped into my mouth. I feared so much I had not heard aright.

"We," he replied, in his strange, comfort-inspiring way, supporting me with his arm again:

"You must go no more on these weary errands alone."

How was it I could feel such joy springing up within me at this solemn hour?

A coffin was procured, the beloved form laid within it, and our sad journey began.* I tried in vain to shake off the weak, helpless stupor that was upon me. I felt impatient for constantly allowing myself to burthen one who had already taken my one great responsibility from me. I wondered at and reproached myself, and sought to rally my benumbed faculties, but the effort was useless. We both went our sad journey, dependent upon him—the dead one and I—and he said in a quiet way it was well, for he loved us both.

When we came in sight of the house I had left only ten days before, it was evident they were not expecting us. The blinds were closed, and no appearance of life visible about the premises. It must be the dispatch Doctor Wheaton had forwarded to father had never reached him. The front door was locked when we arrived, and the hearse was coming in sight down the street. I knocked loudly and repeatedly, that I might in a measure prepare my father for what was coming, before the hearse was fairly in sight. It was of no avail. When he at last came himself to the door, a few of the neighbors, who had assembled at the gate, were already removing the coffin and preparing to bring it in. His eye took in all at a glance. A look of swift horror convulsed his face, and he shrank back cowering into the gloom of the inner hall. The bustle of removal was soon over, and the body lay in the dark parlor, in the very spot where mother's coffin had lain.

The lid of the coffin was turned back, and we stood around looking at the white, placid, resolute face. A few of those who had known him from his babyhood mingled their tears with mine. Just then bent form stole in past me, and gazed with shivering horror at the sight which held us all. It was my father.

Never had my heart yearned towards him as now. I would have given worlds could I have spoken a word of comfort, but I dared not approach him.

At last he lifted himself slowly, and turned to me. A look of severe agony was on his face as he grasped my shoulder convulsively.

"Charlotte!"

Oh! the tones in which that name had been shrieked in my ears.

"What, father," I answered, as best I could.

"Did he speak of me?"

I shook my head sadly.

"Am I a murderer? Speak, girl!" he said, looking at me closely, searching my face as if for condemnation.

"No, father, no!"

The past went from me in my strong pity. I looked in his blank, despairing face, and sought in vain for some word that might give him consolation. It was a dark record I went back to search. He saw it in my face, and when, hopeless of spoken comfort, I tried to put my arms about his neck, he drew them back drearily, and whispered in a hoarse voice:

"No, child, it's too late now," and went back

and paced his desolate room. Why is it some homes have such chasms in them—such arctic winds for ever blowing out their lights and warmth?

At last the earth lay smoothly over Gilbert's head, and my mission of love seemed ended. I had little more to do, I felt, as I stood looking down at the two graves. It was a clear, starlight evening, and Doctor Wheaton had come with me, for his final leave-taking of the dead. He was to start at midnight for his camp duties again. He must have been thinking thoughts like mine, for he said, dreamily:

"How these graves rob life of its stimulus."

I asked him what he knew of death, and life without an aim.

It was light enough to see his sad smile as he said, softly:

"Have my sorrows schooled me to such calmness that you think I have not suffered? Child, few lives have had more joys snatched from them than mine."

"I should have known it," I said, meekly, "else you could not have given me such strange comfort."

"Have I comforted you?" he asked, looking down at me with sad, earnest eyes. "I would wade through years of pain if I might do that. Do you know I loved you in your brother, long before I saw you? that I prayed in my selfish eagerness when I saw you by his dying couch, that there might be no one else to comfort and sustain you?"

I did not speak. I laid my hand on his arm, and he drew it closely within his own, as he went on:

"Would you hate me, if you knew how that all this time you have been suffering so? I have been hugging the thought that perhaps our life discipline has been such as to fit us for each other, and that the great sorrows we have borne have been the means of bringing us together? And oh, Charlotte," he continued, without waiting for me to speak, "if I am wrong—if I have indulged a vain hope—if there is another to whom you lean—another who has a better right to dry your tears than I—I must go back, God only knows how desolate."

I clung closer to him, and said:

"In all the world I have none but you."

"Then you are mine," he whispered, in deep thrilling tones. "You say it by this new made grave we have both wept over, that you will be mine through all our lives, till we come down down here?"

He stooped over, and laid his hand on the newly turned earth.

"I say it here!" I answered, softly, kneeling down beside him.

We turned away and went towards my dreary home. He was to leave me at the garden gate. I did not try to keep back the tears as I paused to bid him adieu.

"Mine!" he repeated again, greedily, holding me tightly in his arms, and kissing me passionately. "I have a right to call you darling now, to kiss you, to press you to my heart, to weave my hopes around, to love, to bless, to live and to die for you. God will keep us for each other, precious. Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye."

In another moment he was gone, and I stood alone, looking down the street after his vanishing form, his kisses on my cheek, his words still lingering in my ears.

I am his wife now. Thus far we have been kept for each other, and I have faith to believe he will come back to me unharmed, when this dreary war is over. I wonder if it is heartless for me to be so happy when mother and Gilbert lie sleeping in the churchyard, and father walks the earth a bowed, broken-spirited man.

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picture, on page 212, represents a scene at Warren Station, in the Army of the Potomac, the last station on the branch road from City Point. The Thanksgiving stores have arrived, and Mr. Commissary Suter is weighing them out for the troops of the 8th and 9th corps. Each of the soldiers in the background represents a detachment, large or small, and is empowered to receive the portion allotted to his constituents. It is said that very amusing incidents accompanied the distribution of the viands. On one occasion, in particular, not having enough plates and cutlery, the Commissary allowed the men "a free grab," to get what they could. It is scarcely necessary to add that these delicacies vanished with astonishing rapidity.

THE SINKING OF THE FLORIDA IN THE JAMES RIVER.



PEACE OR WAR—THE CHOICE OFFERED NATION



THE SHAKER MAIDEN.

LIGHTLY falls the sunlight golden
On each building, quaint and olden ;
And, as lightly, mantles over
All the meadows green with clover ;
Kissing now the meek-eyed daisies,
Now the kingcup as it raises
Its bright bosom, like a chalice
Fashioned for some fairy palace ;
While, among them, fairer, whiter
Than the daisies, purer, brighter
Than the kingcup's dewy-laden,
Stands the pretty Shaker maiden,
And each Shaker brother going
Past her, onward to the mowing,
Glances at her, but he dares not
Look again, lest love, which cares not
For their rigid laws, should take him
In his wiles, and captive make him.
But the caution is most needless ;
Love is reckless, love is heedless ;
Broken fetters need no breaking—
Wakened love has no awaking—
And the eye that once has met her
Never, never can forget her.

THE FALL OF THE LION'S HEAD.

BY J. G. AUSTIN.

(Concluded from our last.)

But now? Paul had so loved her once. Could such love perish utterly out of such a heart? Would not her deep remorse, her cruel sufferings since that hour, could he know them, unseal those frozen springs once brimming for her with the waters of life and hope? Could he fail to remember, when he heard the words of penitence and humility, how doubtfully he once had sued for her love as a rich guerdon that no desert of his might merit, but that she might royally bestow upon him unworthy?

And this—was all this for ever gone?

She asked these questions of her own heart day and night, and would have asked them of his also, but when she placed herself in his way and met his cold eyes, and looked upon his rigid lips, the wild words died upon her tongue, her pulses grew numb and still, and she passed on without a murmur.

But at last came one desperate day, when goaded past endurance by that remorseless Nemesis, she felt that the hour had come when agony outmastered terror, when she must speak out, though she should die with the words upon her lips; and through the burning noon tide, along the blinding beach, over the crisp herbage, and in the breathless covert of the woods, she sought and found him at last lying languidly beneath a plane-tree, his sharpened face resting on his bent arm, his still eyes gazing far away into the ghostly shimmer that danced between the sea and sky.

He heard her step as it rustled through the dried grass and paused beside him, but he neither moved or spoke or looked at her, until, with a wail of exceeding bitterness, she sunk on her knees beside him, and, hiding her face in both her hands, cried:

"Oh, Paul, is there no pity in your heart, and shall anger endure for ever? God spared my life when I struggled with death, and will you make him angry of no avail? Oh, you are more cruel than the grave, more pitiless than death, for to die is to be forgiven, and with you there is no forgiveness, no forgetfulness. Be merciful, and kill me, Paul! Strike me dead as I kneel here at your feet for I can no longer endure such life as this!"

Her voice, broken with eager passion, died in a deep sob, that quivered upon the burning air of noon tide, and disturbed the dim recesses of the wood with the melancholy reflex of human woe.

And Paul, never stirring, never moving his fixed gaze from the far horizon, slowly said :

"I forgive you, Clare. I never have till now."

"And him?" pleaded she, generous even then.

"He is dead. I buried my enmity in his grave upon this beach." *

Then followed silence, while Paul seemed buried again in gloomy reverie, and Clare sought vainly to satisfy her heart with the stone that had been given her for bread. And between them still rose in the tropic noon tide a barrier of ice, impalpable to the grasp, indubitable to the instinct of love. Those words of Paul had not removed or lessened it, and Clare vainly tried to pass it.

With timid assurance she slipped her icy fingers into his hand. It did not close upon them, or start, or quicken at the touch, but held them loosely, neither accepting or rejecting the caress.

Clare snatched away her hand and cried, in angry sorrow :

"Hard, pitiless, unkind! You forgive me with your lips, and your heart is like a stone towards me; you do not know what mercy or forgiveness means. You make yourself a judge over those weaker than yourself, and you forget that the Great Judge is pitiful as well as just. He has forgiven me and spared my life, and He has spared yours also, that you might thank him by being merciful in your turn, but it is not in you. These long, long days of thought and solitude have not softened your heart, they have hardened it. You have, in your man's pride of strength, cared for my comfort of body and you have starved my soul. You have condemned me to a daily death, to an existence whose very breath is a new torture. You know—for you are master of your cruel art—you know the mad hunger and thirst of a woman's heart longing for love, and you will not save it one pang, you will not vouchsafe one word or look. You condemn me to perpetual solitude even while in your daily presence; you show me that, though God's will has closed us within those narrow limits, your will is still potent to divide us—to divide us as land or sea, or Death itself could never do; for all these may be conquered by Love's might, but not your hard heart."

Again she ceased, speech overwhelmed in emotion too deep for utterance, and a sombre shade crept

into Paul's fixed eyes. Awhile he mused, and then, with a sudden motion, he rose and looked down upon her, as she crouched, white and rigid, in the glowing sunlight. Long he gazed, and wistfully, as one who waits the coming of an angel who has forgotten him. At last he slowly said :

"No, Clare, it cannot be. I said that I forgave you, and I do, so far as it is possible to will, but I knew not then, as I now know, the woeful wrong that you have wrought me. I can remember, Clare, that there was a time when to see you kneeling here, to hear such words as you have spoken, to mark the havoc of remorse and despair in your bright beauty, would have crushed my very heart with sorrow, when I should have gathered you to my heart, and lavished such tenderness upon you as a mother heaps upon her penitent child. Yes, I remember how bright, how sweet a thing was love, and how in the olden time it filled my life with measureless content, and glorified the very heavens with its splendor. But, Clare, that day is dead, and it is you, you in whose hand I placed my heart, who have robbed it of love, and faith, and hope; and through the chambers where they should have dwelt your wild words ring, and die, and find no answering voice. You say that you suffer, Clare, and I see that your words are true, but I have no pity left for you or even for myself, whose life your hand has smitten so sorely that it suffers, or hopes, or joys in nothing more."

And Clare, without a word, rose slowly and went back through the sultry noon to hide herself in the lion's stony heart.

Night came, but brought no abatement of the fervid heat until midnight, when with the rising tide came a faint pungent air. Then at last Clare slept heavily, but awakening unrefreshed saw the sun standing above the eastern horizon a great ball of sullen fire, red and rayless, while below him on the silent sea lay a broad wake, unbroken by any motion of the waiting waters.

In the heavens was no fresh azure of the morning, no translucent light, but the low sky hung ominously, a sheet of sulphurous vapor without cloud or stir.

Upon the beach great oily waves rolled heavily in and broke with angry menace. In the woods the birds forgot their morning song, and timorously hiding in the thickest covert, questioned each other in sharp brief cries what might mean this portent in the air.

Trees and shrubs, unrefreshed by coolness and moisture of the night, hung their withered leaves and faded flowers, and when Clare, creeping to the watercourse, would have bathed her burning eyes and lips, she found the brook shrunk to a mere thread of turbid water.

But even so, she stooped and drank eagerly, for her very life seemed parched and withering in that fiery trance of earth, and sky, and sea.

After eating a few grapes, she strove to employ herself in her usual manner, but unable to resist the oppressive languor that hung upon all her motions, she presently abandoned the attempt, and crept back to her cave, where she soon sank into a heavy sleep.

At noon a faint breath stirred upon the waters, but it was such a breath as tremulously rolls from the mouth of an open furnace, blasting whatever living thing it meets, and heralding a fiercer doom to such as dare to withstand its progress. And now beneath the lurid sky rolled up great black clouds, masses of midnight rent and torn with the palpitating fires within.

The angry sun hid his face, and in the west a white moon looked down affrighted upon waters that no longer obeyed her heat, then shuddering sank beneath the horizon. Gloomy thunders, muttering at first, then pealing in sharp reverberations, tore through the heavy air, while sharpest lightnings blazed in broad sheets or hissed in flaming bolts between the sea and sky.

Then with a sudden swoop fell the tempest, and before its dread might ocean himself quailed and shrank, and lay cowering, long lines of foam upon his wrinkled front, and his turbulent waves crouched in their rocky caverns.

And while all nature reeled about him, and the very foundations of the earth seemed shattered beneath his feet, that solitary man stood up unaided, and raising his white face to heaven, cried aloud in the arrogance of his nature :

"Here am I, O God! Take my life if Thou wilt, for it is Thine, but not the terror of Thy wrath, more than the pathos of her words, can move a soul that is dead."

And even as the wild wind snatched the blasphemy from his lips and bore it into space, where a spoken word reverberates to all eternity, came from heaven a finger of fire writing the answer of the Almighty, not upon the brow of the mad challenger but upon his heart.

As the fierce flash blinded his eyes, and the thunder wrapped him in bewildering chaos, Paul for the first time in all his life shrank with fear, and stripped in an instant of all the hardihood of his mood, crept cowering to his shelter, and lay there silent, oppressed with dreary forebodings.

Without, meanwhile, there was a change. In that awful crash the tempest had reached its limit and now began fitfully to wail over the havoc it had wrought. The rain no longer lashed the trembling earth as the master's whip scourges the wild creature it has subdued, but fell in great tear-like drops for some hours, and then ceased altogether.

The clouds exhausted of their lightnings became fringed with soft gray edges, and presently allowed great wondering stars to peep between them, looking to see if earth and heaven still held their appointed places after this wild rebellion of nature.

Only the sea reasserting its forgotten power rose angrily as the wind died away, and rolled in great walls of clear green waters upon the island beach, where crashing thunderously they tossed their spray far inland, even to where the grim lion crouched warily, watching and waiting for the end as he had waited since the beginning.

The lion indeed, but the lion's head!

Morning came again in another guise from that of the former fearful dawn, and Paul Morgan, leaving his sodden shelter, stood bared-headed upon the beach and wondered at the new glory of Creation. But a dull fear was gnawing at his heart, not long to be soothed by the golden azure of the sunrise, the brilliant play of waves upon the shore or the fresh verdure of lawn and wood. He looked on all with troubled eyes, and presently turned, yet half reluctantly, to seek for Clare.

She was not in the torn and dishevelled bower, but this did not surprise him. She would be sleeping after the terrors of the night, and he climbed the hill with a rapid yet stealthy step, telling himself again and again that he should find her sleeping, yes, peacefully sleeping, safe from all harm but fright.

Nearing the cave, he raised his eager eyes and stood aghast, doubting his own senses, if this were indeed the place he sought.

The lion's form crouched before him, but the massive front that had for ages met the morning with uplifted gaze, looking sphinx-like over land and sea, waiting for the Edipus who should solve the problem of Creation, was it now?

A blackened ruin, a splintered mass of fragments lay the lion's head, shivered by the fiery finger of God, who thus had answered the boast of that rebellious heart that not omnipotence itself had power to move him.

And was he moved as he gazed upon the ruin beneath which lay buried the past that he had hoped to reclaim, the future whose hope had that night once more begun to stir within his heart, the present—the present lay before him, and pictured to his fancy Clare's mangled body crushed beneath those pitiless rocks.

With a wild cry, with mad strength, Paul hurled himself upon the cairn, lifting, rolling, heaving aside the fragments with more than human power until but one remained, one huge fragment imperfectly closing the mouth of the cave but yet leaving no crevice large enough for ingress or even a clear view of the interior of the cave.

Paul looked at it in despair, and yet with no change in his purpose of matching his life against its inert resistance. One or the other should yield before he confessed himself vanquished or abandoned hope.

He was afraid to peer into the recesses of the cavern, afraid of the woful sight that those scattered rays might display, afraid that the strength he so needed might be shaken by horror. But in a voice whose hoarse tone jarred upon his own ear, he called doubtfully :

"Clare!"

No answer, save the wild leap of waves upon the beach, and drawing his breath deeply, as one who joins combat with a mortal foe, Paul grasped the huge rock that still closed in the sepulchre of her he sought. But his fingers relaxed their hold and his breath came quick and short, as in examining the position of the fragment, and considering what might be its most assailable point, he suddenly perceived the fingers of a white hand gleaming in one of the slant rays that now penetrated the cave.

Hastily removing the earth at the base of the rock, until the crevice was sufficiently enlarged to admit his own hand, Paul grasped that other, and gently drew it forth. But it was cold and motionless, and lay as unresponsive in his warm grasp as his had lain upon it not a day before.

Dead! And Paul, in the heavy reaction of his hope, sank down, crushed and despairing, still holding that little hand in his, and idly toying with the fingers. There was a ring on one of them, and he drew it off, thinking it the symbol of her ill-fated marriage. But when it was in his own hand, Paul saw that it was the antique signet, graven with the Etruscan "For Ever" that he himself had placed upon that finger on the night of their betrothal, and as he softly replaced it on the lifeless hand the memories of that time came surging back upon his heart in a wild flood of forgotten hopes, and resolves, and longings; visions of what had been, and what should have been; the innocent affection of the girl, the despairing love that the woman had laid at his feet but yesterday, until with a wild throe the sunless deeps broke up, and all the floodgates of his heart opened to that wild torrent of love and sorrow and remorse.

Bowing his head upon that little icy hand, Paul Morgan wept as only such men weep, and called upon her name.

"Clare! oh, my Clare! I love you! Do you hear me? I love you as I never loved you yet! Come back to me, Clare. You are not dead, you shall not leave me now! My God! my God! give me Clare, and take all the rest."

Had she been dead, that loving woman, she would have stirred within her grave at the passion of that cry, the strong appeal of those words, for as she herself had said, love is stronger than death, stronger than time or space.

But she was not dead, only swooning in the terror of her living grave, and as her lover's voice crept through the dulled senses and smote upon her heart, she stirred and smiled in her deep sleep.

And then, before she could even whisper his name, before she herself knew what had befallen her, Paul felt that his prayer was answered, felt sure that she lived and would live, and springing to his feet, bent like a young Titan to his task, and though bone and sinew quailed and strained with the superhuman effort, never paused to breathe, until the last fragment of the lion's head rolled crashing over, and Clare lay before him pale, languid, but with such love shining in her eyes as has moved many a heart to wait and suffer, and forgive, and at the last crown itself with victory, as here had done.

"God made Himself an awful rose of dawn," whispered Clare Morgan, as she came softly behind her husband and leaned upon his arm to watch the glory of the morning broaden over the vast

amphitheatre at their feet. The mountain terrace on which they stood lay bread and level at either hand. Behind rose, summit upon summit, many colored hills, barren crags, and finally the solemn crest of an inaccessible mountain peak. In front the land, at the distance of the fourth of a mile, broke suddenly in a steep declivity, down whose rocky face plumed a broad torrent of sparkling waters. Hundreds of feet below lay the plain, stretching mile upon mile, of scanty clearing and primeval forest, gemmed with lakelets and traversed by rapid rivers, until upon the opposite horizon rose another chain of bold hills, upon whose summit now rested the fringe of a gorgeous canopy of clouds, from within whose folds the sun was presently to appear.

At the broadest bend of the terrace stood a grove of gum trees and feathered mimosa, among whose branches screamed and chattered the gaudy and tuneless birds of an Australian forest. Beneath these trees rose the low walls of a primitive loghouse, rude in its construction, and devoid of many of the appliances of civilization. At some little distance stood rude and substantial farm buildings, and eagerly nibbling the fresh herbage of their upland pasture, an immense flock of sheep sought their favorite feeding ground under charge of a stalwart shepherd and his dog.

"One should live a fuller and broader life here than in our New England villages, Clare," said Paul, passing his arm about his wife's waist, and drawing her close to him.

"It seems to me rather," said she doubtfully, "that such grand developments in nature dwarf the men who live among them. The Australian native is far inferior to the Aborigines of North America; and the new-comers, do you find these shepherds and gold diggers as noble as our Puritan fathers?"

"What! faithful to your sterile hills and niggard plains, amid all this gorgeous growth, little Clare?" exclaimed Paul, laughingly. "But you are content? you do not pine for that far-off home?" asked he presently, as he searched her face for the answer.

It came from lip, and eye, and heart. "Where you are, Paul, there is my home; there am I content."

TREASURE IN HEAVEN.

FOLD DOWN ITS LITTLE BABY HANDS—

THIS WAS A HOPE YOU HAD OF OLD;

FILLET THE BROW WITH ROSY BANDS,

AND KISS ITS LOCKS OF SHINING GOLD.

SOMEWHERE WITHIN THE REACH OF YEARS

ANOTHER HOPE MAY COME LIKE THIS;

BUT THIS POOR BABE IS GONE IN TEARS,

WITH THIN, WHITE LIPS, COLD TO YOUR KISS.

IN SUMMER, A LITTLE HEAP OF FLOWERS,

IN WINTER, A LITTLE DRIFT OF SNOW;

AND THIS IS ALL, THROUGH ALL THE HOURS,

OF THE PROMISES PERSISTED LONG AGO.

SO EVERY HEART HAS ONE DEAR GRAVE,

CLOSE HIDDEN UNDER ITS JOYS AND CARE,

TILL O'er IT GUSTS OF MEMORY WAVE,

AND LEAVE THE LITTLE HEADSTONE BARE.

MEDUSA.

CHAPTER IV.

The next morning, Edward Saville watched the old serving-man out, he saw the two girls start in the direction of Kensington Gardens, and he determined once more to essay his blandishments, backed with another halfcrown, upon the little maid-of-all-work. He had not closed his eyes all night, and could not rest until he had acquired some definite information with regard to his neighbors.

He rung at the bell, and Jane answered it.

"I am sure you're a goodnatured little puss," he said, giving her the halfcrown; "and you won't refuse to me who it was playing so beautifully on the piano last night. I had my window open, and was listening all the evening; was it Miss Elizabeth?"

"Oh, lawn, no," said Jane, "that was Mr. William; he do play beautiful to be sure! I often listens myself."

"Oh, that was Mr. William, was it? And does he often come and play here?"

"Why, to be sure he do," answered the girl; "he's Mrs. Hausmann's own son, and he's here most every evening."

"Oh, Mrs. Hausmann's son, is he?" It was her brother, then—and he drew a long breath. "What fun they were having afterwards! Miss Elizabeth fell fast asleep in the moonlight."

"Laws!" said the girl, "that was Countess Vander, that wasn't Miss Elizabeth."

"No, no," said Edward Saville, impatiently, with a renewal of agitation; "I mean

be productive of disappointment and unhappiness to yourself. Your attentions are not welcome to the lady to whom they are offered, and, in your own interest, I warn you not to continue them.

MARGARET HAUSMANN.

He saw that no support was to be hoped for from the old lady; but, not deterred by this severe little misfortune, resolved to see whether the younger woman were not more amiable, and could not be enlisted in his favor. Since the strange scene which he had been a witness to in the garden, he had returned with some degree of bitterness, and scorn of himself for his romance, to his first misgivings about the mysterious woman who had so bewitched him. The certainty of her light conduct had at last cut itself with a sharp pang into his heart; but with that certainty had slid in a much more positive hope than he had ever before ventured to indulge, and one that, as we have seen, led him to more open measures of pursuit than he had yet hazarded.

For two days he watched incessantly for an occasion of speaking to her, but in vain. The third morning brought him better luck, and he saw Miss Hausmann, at last, leave the house alone; here was the opportunity ready made for him. He took his hat and followed her at some distance; she went along the Baywater road, until she came to the top of Oxford street, and prepared to cross over into Hyde Park. Edward Saville was close behind her now, and had made up his mind, as soon as they were in the Park, to address her. There was a tremendous double line of carts, cabs and omnibuses, and they were obliged to wait some little time in order to let them pass. At last there was a momentary opening, and Miss Hausmann went across. She had not, however, perceived an omnibus which was coming down full tilt upon her.

"Go back! go back!" shouted the terrified people from both sides, who saw her danger. Bewildered by their cries, instead of going rapidly either back or forward, she hesitated fatally, and the next instant was knocked down by the pole of the omnibus. The driver, who was looking another way, was quite unable to pull up his horses in time, and she must infallibly have been run over had not Edward Saville, rushing forward, seized the bridle and violently backed the horses at his own peril, saving her from the death that, to the alarmed bystanders, had appeared all but inevitable. As it was, she was more frightened than hurt, but her ankle was badly sprained. He carried her in his arms to the first shop at hand, where she had a glass of water, and sat for a few moments to recover the shock. He then called a cab for her, and saw her to her own house.

When they arrived her foot was much worse; it gave her great pain, and she could not put it to the ground. Edward Saville had explained what had happened to the old man, who went to fetch his mistress. Great was her tribulation at hearing of her daughter's accident, but great was also her gratitude. Edward, assisted by the old man, carried Miss Hausmann into the drawing-room and placed her on a sofa, after which, laden with the heartfelt thanks of mother and daughter, he withdrew. About two hours later he received a message from the next house; Madame Hausmann wished to speak to him, if he would be kind enough to come and see her. She met him in the hall, and, drawing him into the little sitting-room, closed the door.

"You have been kind to my child, and done me a service I can never repay. You are rich, I am poor. I can never serve you but in one way only, and that is by telling you what I had thought never to tell to any soul alive. You must come here no more," she said; "forget Wanda—she is an ill-fated creature, who can but darken your young days. I have tried to warn you, but youth is mad, and won't be warned. Now listen, and judge what hope there is for you." She made him sit down, and then spoke as follows:

"We are from Bohemia. My husband was a doctor in the small town of Altheim, and we lived there till he died. When I lost him we left the town (I and my three children), and came to live again in the country, not far from the little village of Wallendorf, where I was born, and had passed all my childhood.

"We lived in a lonely cottage in a very wild spot, on the borders of a forest. Elizabeth, Francis, little William and myself. Wanda is not my daughter, she is my foster-child only. We were tenants of Count Berchtold, a rich, powerful lord, who had property all over the country. About four miles from us he had a castle, and lands, and great woods, that stretched as far as our cottage. This castle was always empty; he would come there for a day or two once in three or four years, for the shooting; but it was never inhabited except at such times. When he was in the country he lived himself in another great castle which he had, about fourteen miles from our part of the world, and about seven from the town where my husband was established.

"The count was a proud man with a heart of stone; the only thing he cared about was the greatness of his name, and the despair of his life was, that though he had been married many years, there was no heir. The countess was barren, and his great name would die out, and the property would all go to a female cousin, and so pass away from the family. He hated his wife, poor lady, and never went near her. There was no insult he did not heap upon her for this sad misfortune of her childlessness.

"My husband knew her; he had been sent for once in a hurry to attend her; she had had a fall, and broken her arm. They did say, that in one of his mad rages the count had thrown her against a marble table, and that so her arm had got broken. I don't know how that may be; he had so ill a name, and was so feared and hated, that the worst case was always made out against him; there was no need of that; he was bad enough, anyhow. What perhaps gave a color of truth to

the story was, that as soon as ever she got well, she sent for her brother, who took her straight away with him to Prague, where she remained, and always after lived separate from her husband. As for him, he used to spend most of his time at Vienna, leading an awful life with companions as wicked as himself; he delighted in being surrounded with wild young men, and never rested till he had made them as godless as he was. About seven years after I married and settled at Altheim; and while the count was away, travelling about in foreign parts, the countess died. She had not been in her grave four months, when a letter arrived for Mr. Hartmann, the count's agent, who lived in Altheim, announcing his speedy arrival; he had married again, and was going to bring his bride home, and the house was to be got ready without delay. We were astonished at the news, for the count was fifty-five years old, and no one had ever thought he would have married again.

"Shortly after this some of the servants began to arrive at the castle, and by-and-bye reports got spread abroad that it was a young lady of seventeen whom he was going to bring to that dreary home. There was a great deal of talk about it; some said that it was a good thing for the country that my lord should come back, and that the castle should be inhabited; others said that he and his profligate companions and loose servants did more harm than good in the place, spreading corruption; moreover, he had no bowels for the poor, and oppressed and ground down all who were dependent upon him. But we all were sorry for the poor young lady who had come so far away from her own land, and her own people, to live amongst us.

"When my lord's secretary, Johann Wild, arrived at last to see that all was straight, he told us more about it. The young countess was a Polish lady of great family, but without any fortune; and her parents had driven her into this marriage because the count, who had fallen in love with her for her beauty, had consented to take her without a dower. Mr. Wild told me they had had sad work to bring her to it, and that she looked more dead than alive on the wedding-day, which did not please the count.

"They arrived late one night in May, and the next morning my husband was sent for up to the castle. The countess was tired with her journey, and had a slight attack of fever. Count Berchtold met him on the stairs, and took him at once into her room; she was very lovely, and quite young, as they had said. The count took him up to the bedside; her arms were lying outside upon the coverlet; he took up one of them, and while he felt it all over, said to my husband: 'Look at her! There are arms! There are shoulders!' The poor little lady colored scarlet, and turned her head away, but the count only laughed, and went on: 'See to her, doctor, see to her, and tell me what it is that ails her; if it is the son she means to give, that shall be good news for you as well as me.'

"My husband had trouble to get him out of the room, but at last he went, and then the poor child burst into tears, and sobbed as if her heart would break. She was in a frightful state of excitement, and could not be persuaded to speak for a long while; but by degrees, seeing how patient and gentle my husband was, she quieted down at last. We afterwards heard that she had not known of the recent death of the former countess, and that, on arriving, she had received a great shock at finding all the servants, assembled in the hall to meet her, clad in the deepest mourning: she told my husband besides, that coming from a smiling country, and belonging to a large family, the loneliness and desolate look of the castle had frightened her: she was evidently terribly afraid, too, of her lord; this she did not say to him, but my husband saw it.

"They had already been married more than two months, and there seemed to be little doubt as to her condition: the count was wild for joy when my husband told him this; he sent for some rare Hungarian wine, and tossed down glass after glass, making my husband drink with him to the health of the heir. My husband had seen in this short visit how nervous and excitable the timid young wife was, and tried to impress upon the count's mind that gentleness and perfect quiet were absolutely necessary for her health and for that of her child; but teach a wild beast to be gentle! The house was soon filled again with the riotous guests, and my husband was repeatedly called in to see the countess, whose sense seemed actually to be leaving her, so great was her distress at finding herself helpless and alone in such strange company. She had been taken straight out of the convent to be married, and this wild life put her beside herself with terror. Her husband, who soon had got wearied of her, angered by her refusals to join in his godless revelry, used to jeer and mock at her before his servants, and often would force her, ill as she was, to come down and assist at his orgies. Her nerves were completely shaken, and my husband began seriously to fear for her reason.

"At last her hour of trouble came. My husband was sent for early in the evening, and finding her state alarming, remained with her all night. The count had been drinking very deep, and they tried in vain to keep him out of the apartment: he would be there—opposition only infuriated him, and increased his wife's danger. After many hours of dreadful suffering, towards five in the morning her baby was born. 'Show me my son!' shouted the count, springing from his chair to the bedside. It was a feeble, puny, wailing little girl. In a paroxysm of speechless rage, he rushed at his helpless wife, and shaking her violently, dashed her back upon the bed. My husband called for help, and they forced the count away from the room. The poor thing had fainted. No nurse had been provided, for she had meant to nurse her little one herself, and there it lay, hungry, and wailing piteously, by her mother's side. My husband took the baby in his arms, and going

with it to the count, asked him if he would let me have the child to nurse. 'Have her!' he said, savagely, 'yes, and keep her too—take the little screaming wretch away, and never let me see its hated face again!' And so Wanda (she was named Wanda after her mother) was brought to me, and I nursed her at the same time with my own Wilhelm, who had been born just three weeks before.

"The countess never recovered that shock. Fainting-fit succeeded fainting-fit for days together, and when at last they left her, her wits were gone. She was very gentle and harmless, but rarely ever spoke, and seemed to have gone into a kind of hopeless melancholy. I saw her once, when she was still quite young; we had been staying with my mother at Wallendorf, and we drove through the grounds and past the castle on our road back to Altheim. My husband showed her to me; she was sitting at an open window on an upper floor of the house, looking out over the long avenue and the dreary flats beyond.

"She was dressed in black, and was leaning back, propped up in her chair. She looked very fearful, like an old blighted child, with a quantity of white hair hanging down, all uncombed and uncared for, about her face and neck. I did not sleep for many a night after seeing her, for thinking of that dreadful withered child's face, with its mad, miserable eyes, and the unnatural snow-white hair. As we went by she jumped, and danced, and screamed to us, and her women had trouble to hold her. She had never gone over the threshold of the door from the hour of her confinement, and passed her whole life at that window, looking out over the long avenue to the miles and miles of level plain that stretched beyond, as if she expected to see, as a speck, from far away, the carriage coming nearer and nearer with long lost friends, who would take her from this miserable place. But she had been for some years out of the world, and no one remembered her but death. My husband saw her die—no one else was near to help her; she was taken with some sort of fit one morning, and they sent for him. He saw there was no hope, and thought it was his duty to write and warn the count, who was at Vienna, that she could not last long.

"One dreary night in December, my husband was watching with her, and so was the good Liesel, the nurse he had brought for her from the town, for she had no proper attendants, only some of the peasants belonging to the estate, to wait upon her. The count had sent no answer, and they thought he might arrive at any moment. It was just about one in the morning, when a great gust of wind rattled down all the chimneys, and the dogs began suddenly to bark and clamor, and my husband fancied he heard the sound of wheels driving up to the door. He looked round at the countess, and saw that she had heard it too, and that in some strange way it troubled and distressed her, for he could hear her heart beat, and she turned her poor eyes upon him, full of an anguish that it went to his soul to look upon. He sent Liesel down to see if any one had arrived, and took hold of the poor lady's hand to comfort and quiet her, but she was getting more and more agitated, and gasped fearfully for breath, which she did not seem able to get.

"A quick, heavy tread came up the stairs, the door was thrown open, and Count Berchtold entered. She knew him at once, though she had not set eyes on him for all those years, and in her fright and agony she flung herself wildly out of bed before they could stop her, and fell upon the floor. My husband rushed to pick her up, but she just gave one struggle and a little sigh, and with it her dismal life had passed away. The count gave orders for a magnificent funeral, but he did not stay to see them executed. All the carriages and horses from that castle and all the carriages and horses from the other castle, near Wallendorf, came out for the occasion, and there were torches and music to carry her to the family vault in the grounds. Numbers streamed out from the town to look at the sight. I went with my husband and my brother-in-law and his wife, but we were all of us strangers as it were, and it was sad to see the long procession of mourning-coaches and family coaches going along stately and slow, quite empty. I have often wondered if any of her family ever knew the sad end she had made, so far away from them all."

"HAMLET" AT THE WINTER GARDEN.

This memorable dramatic event of the present season in New York is the production of "Hamlet," at the Winter Garden, with Mr. Edwin Booth in the principal character of that sublime tragedy. For several months prior to its first performance—on the night of the 26th of November—this magnificent Stuart was in course of preparation. Mr. William Stuart, the manager of the Winter Garden—whose taste and experience in theatrical matters amply qualify him for the difficult and delicate task—has superintended the preliminary labors. Mr. J. G. Hanley, one of the few excellent stage managers in America, has rendered efficient aid in this fascinating enterprise. The scene painters, Messrs. Thorne and Witham, the carpenters, the costumers—all have labored with energy and skill, and their labors have not been in vain. On the night of its first representation, before a large, brilliant and singularly appreciative audience, the success of the enterprise was abundantly assured. Since then the tragedy has been performed every night, with still increasing popular success. It is not too much to say that its accessories are perfect. We doubt if "Hamlet" has, at any time, or in any country, been put upon the stage with such entirely appropriate and altogether beautiful scenery. No drama affords a finer scope for artistic as well as dramatic effect; and, in this instance, no opportunity for such effect has been overlooked or slighted. The architecture of ancient Denmark, the romantic castle of Elsinore, its lofty, serried battlements without, its gorgeous tapestries and ponderous furniture within—all these are faithfully reproduced, and adroitly blended, in scenery both correct and gorgeous, satisfying at once the intellect and the imagination. Of the fourteen

scenes, which are entirely new, the most impressive are the view of the Battlements of Elsinore Castle, the Grand Hall, Staircase, and Theatre in the Palace, and the Churchyard, by Moonlight. The first of these is reproduced in a sketch on page 220. It does not, of course, preserve the felicity of color, nor adequately realize the contrasts of light and shade, which make this scene so beautiful and thrilling upon the stage; but it preserves the form of the original, and partakes of its weird and sombre atmosphere. The action included in this scene is the interview between Hamlet and his Father's Ghost. No situation in the whole wide extent of dramatic literature is so fraught with the elements of sublimity, awe and terror. The night is cloudy and chill. The Prince, forewarned of the appearance of his father's spirit, seeks the battlements, accompanied by his friend Horatio, and by Marcellus, to confront the dread figure of the disembodied king. It is close upon midnight when they reach the appointed place. A noise of revelry is heard afar off, within the palace, heightening, by contrast, the lonesome, thrilling suspense of the watchers on the walls. A moment more, and the spectre of the buried monarch, dreadful in shadowy armor, glides across the battlements, and beckons the Prince to follow it "to a more removed ground." We may imagine the horrible struggle of nature against the terror of the supernatural, in the soul of the man of genius, already wasted by grief, prone to insanity, and now crazed by this tremendous visitation. But Hamlet is strong, even in this ordeal. He breaks away from his friends, and follows the spirit of his murdered father, till presently, face to face, they stand together, and alone, upon a distant and lonely portion of the battlements. Then, when nature can endure no more, the Prince conjures the phantom:

"Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak! I'll go no farther."

It is this climax which is illustrated in the scene that our Artist has reproduced.

The acting of Mr. Booth at this point is, beyond description, intense and affecting. All the terror of the situation, softened by filial love, and restrained by many fortitude, is expressed in his countenance, and in his nerves yet nervous body. The Ghost also, is personified with imaginative sympathy, by Mr. Charles Kemble Mason. We do not recall a finer passage in acting. It teaches us the truth of the poet's words, in their fullest significance, that

"By the mighty actor brought
Illusion's perfect triumphs come;
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And sculpture to be dumb."

NOVEL APPARATUS

For Measuring the Speed of Projectiles.

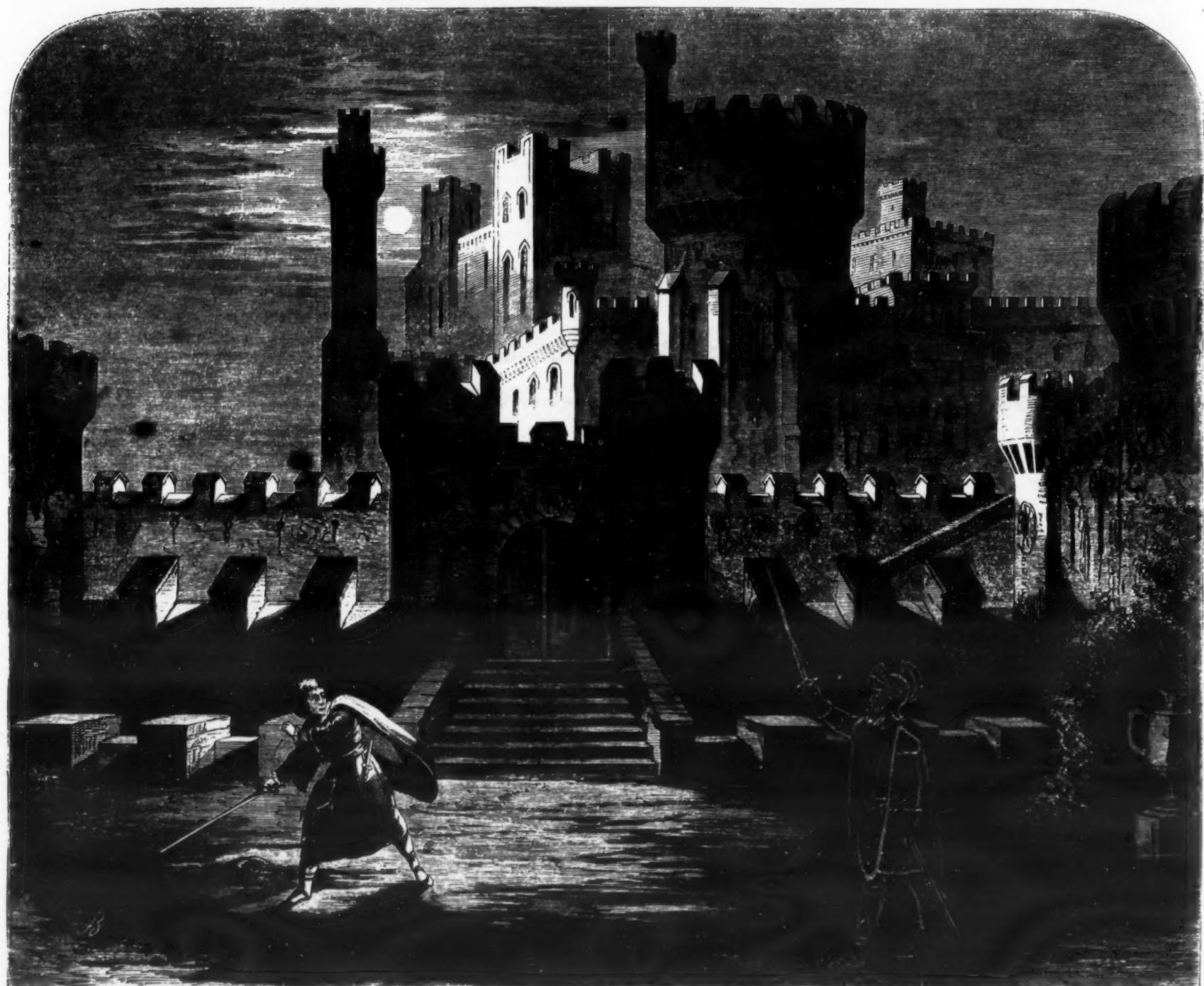
SCIENCE, in this age, has systematized every department of war, and, for that matter, every department of peace as well. Men no longer, as in those chivalric ages beloved of the disciples of Mr. Carlyle, go into battle, wielding the ponderous axe, and wearing iron pots upon their heads, and coats and trousers of the same unrelenting material. Nor do our warriors, like the ancient Britons, drive into the thick of the fight, in chariots, with scythe-armed wheels, to mow down their adversaries. The day of clumsy devices is past. Whatever we do now—days, in the way of war, is done cleanly and quickly—or, as tradesmen say, "with neatness and despatch." The evidence of this is seen in our terrible engines of war, whereby, though the immediate destruction of life is more extensive than of old, yet, in the long run, war is made less bloody, and much less continuous. In old times, when men began to fight, they seemed never to know when to leave off, but continued hacking one another to pieces, year after year, throughout a whole generation. Now they conclude their quarrels with scientific precision—and science never wastes time. One of her expedients, indeed, to economize it is the motive of these very remarks. The reader will find that expedient illustrated on page 220. The apparatus there depicted, for measuring the velocity of projectiles, is now in use at Woolwich and Shoeburyness, in England, and is found to work very successfully. It was invented by Major Naver, of the Belgian Artillery, and its special excellence consists in its power of accurate measurement of very small spaces of time. The scientific principle upon which the apparatus acts is simple and familiar, though the details of its construction are somewhat complex. The measurement is effected by means of a graduated arc, and a pendulum—the oscillations of the latter being marked upon the former. These implements are shown in our sketch. The pendulum, prior to an observation, is upheld, at the left end of the arc, by contact with a piece of soft iron, magnetized by an electric current, through an electric magnet, at the point of support. Two insulated wires are connected with this magnet, which extend to a distance of 200 yards, and join their ends, around an upright screen, 90 yards in front of a cannon, making the electric circuit complete. Another part of the apparatus, shown in our sketch a little to the left of the arc, is called the conjuncter. An electric magnet, at its top, holds a weight, suspended above the cup of mercury. This magnet is also connected, by insulated wires, with a second screen 120 feet in front of the first, or 160 feet from the cannon which is to be discharged. These wires being insulated by guita-perche, may be either buried in the ground, or hung on posts as in our picture.

Before explaining the operation of this apparatus, we should premise that the pendulum has a duplicate, or index, in its rear, so attached to it, by a light spring, that its motion must be simultaneous. Behind the arc, and connected with the conjuncter, is a large electro-magnet, which has power to act upon this index, by attraction, when magnetized. The business of the conjuncter is to magnetize this at the proper moment.

When the cannon is fired, the shot, crashing through the first screen, severs the wires and destroys the electric current which has hitherto sustained the pendulum. This, therefore, immediately begins to fall, accompanied of course by its duplicate. The ball goes hurtling on, and crashes through the second screen, severing the wires that connect with the conjuncter. The disabled magnet, of course, drops its weight into the cup of mercury, wherein this is instantly pressed down, by a steel blade, completing an electric circuit which magnetizes the large electro-magnet in the rear of the arc. The latter takes instantaneous effect upon the duplicate pendulum, and clamps it to the arc. The point thereby marked shows the time occupied by the projectile in passing through the screens, minus the time necessary for the fall of the weight in the conjuncter—which time is marked by still another part of the apparatus, called the disjuncter. The disjuncter appears in our picture at the extreme left of the operator's table. The time occupied by the projectile in passing through the screens being divided by the distance over which it travels, gives the velocity of its movement. The operation of this apparatus is almost instantaneous, and its precision is described as absolutely wonderful.



NOVEL ELECTRIC APPARATUS FOR MEASURING THE SPEED OF CANNON SHOT, OR OTHER PROJECTILES.



SCENE FROM "HAMLET," AS PERFORMED AT THE WINTER GARDEN, N. Y.—HAMLET ENCOUNTERING HIS FATHER'S GHOST, ACT I., SCENE 3.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, ALBERT BERGHAVE.

TOPICS OF THE HOUR.



NORTH AND SOUTH.
"Now, Jeffy, when you think you have had enough of this, say so, and I'll leave off."—(Vide President's Message.)



UNCLE ABE.—"Sambo, you are not handsome, any more than myself, but as to sending you back to your old master, I'm not the man to do it—and what's more, I won't."—(Vide President's Message.)



AN EXPLANATION WITH BRAZIL.
UNCLE SAM (to Plenipotentiary)—"Se here, my sailor boys aren't posted on matters of etiquette. I'll tell 'em how bad they've been. As to the Florida, there she lies, many a fathom deep. If her owner, Jeff, wants her, let him come here and dive for her."



DOWN IN GEORGIA—SHERMAN'S MARCH.
DARKEY—"Oh, massa, dere's Sherman's army coming up to de front stoop."
MASTER—"Well, Caesar, take this gun and keep 'em off till I'm well away."



"La, Pompey! see de way de New York white folks friz dere har. Fad is dey want to look like colored people."
POMPEY—"Yah—dat so—bimeby dey stain dere faces black out o' compliment to us."



THE FUEL QUESTION—SCENE: A TENEMENT HOUSE, N. Y.
TERENCE—"What for, Biddy, does ye want them balusters?"
BRIDGET—"Sure for making a fire. D ye think I'd buy kindling wood while there's balusters?"

THE GOOD OLD WINTERS.—In 401 the Black Sea was entirely frozen over. In 763 not only the Black Sea but the Straits of Dardanelles were frozen over; the snow in some places rose 50 feet high. In 823 the great rivers of Europe, the Danube, the Elbe, etc., were so hard frozen as to bear heavy wagons for a month. In 860 the Adriatic was frozen. In 991 everything was frozen, the crops totally failed, and famine and pestilence closed the year. In 1067 most of the travellers in Germany were frozen to death on the roads. In 1134 the Po was frozen from Cramona to the sea, the wine sacks were burst, and the trees split by the action of the frost, with immense noise. In 1286 the Danube was frozen to the bottom, and remained long in that state. In 1316 the crops wholly failed in Germany; wheat, which some years before sold in England at 6s. the quarter, rose to 22s. In 1368 the crops failed in Scotland, and such a famine ensued that the poor were reduced to feed on grass, and many perished miserably in the fields. The successive winters of 1432-3-4 were uncommonly severe. In 1565 the wine distributed to the soldiers was cut with hatchets. In 1663 it was excessively cold. Most of the hollies were killed. Coaches drove along the Thames, the ice of which was 11 inches thick. In 1709 occurred the cold winter; the frost penetrated three yards into the ground. In 1716 booths were erected on the Thames. In 1744 and 1745 the strongest ice in England, exposed to the air, was covered, in less than 15 minutes, with ice an eighth of an inch thick. In 1809, and again in 1812, the winters were remarkably cold. In 1814 there was a fair on the frozen Thames.

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The following are a few specimens of genuine letters
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39th Illinois Volunteers,
FOLLY ISLAND, S. C., Nov. 3, 1864.

Prof. HOLLOWAY, 50 Maiden Lane, N. Y.:
Enclosed please find two dollars, for which send
me one dollar's worth each of your celebrated Pills and
Ointment, by return mail. Please attend to this at
once, for I am much in need of the above remedies.

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them till now, I want to try them, as Diarrhoea is very
prevalent at the present time; send me the worth of the
enclosed. Yours, &c.,
JOSEPH WALSH, Co. E, 6th Regt., Excelsior Brigade.

PULASKI, Tenn., Nov. 6, 1864.

Prof. HOLLOWAY:
DEAR SIR—Please find enclosed one dollar, and send
me the amount in your famous Pills, as I am troubled
with Dyspepsia, and seek cure. Yours, &c.,
THOMAS F. TURNER, Co. I, 2d Iowa Infantry.

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., Nov. 1, 1864.
Prof. HOLLOWAY:
Please find enclosed the sum of one dollar for Pills.
I have Diarrhoea, and can't get it stopped, so I want to
try your Pills. Yours, &c.,

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Co. D, 104th Regt. Penn. Vols.,
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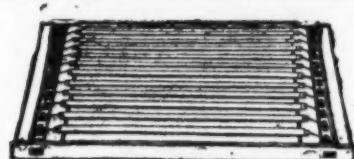
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